

EVENING TELEGRAPH.

10 CENTS PER WEEK

DIXON, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 31, 1888.

NUMBER 1318

S. G. AUSTIN & CO.

NEW CARPETS

The New Patterns and Colorings
in Body and Tapestry Brussels,
Ingrains &c.

New Oilcloths and Matting, at

S. G. AUSTIN & CO.

—Lent is nearly over.
—To-morrow will be Easter Sunday.
—The South side public school begins Monday.
—Thomas Foxley, of Grand Detour, is in the city.
—S. C. Eells, the banker, is home from New York.
—Mrs. John Stevens is home again from the West.
—Nathan A. Petrie is down from Ashton on business.
—W. R. Patterson is here to spend Sunday with friends.
—A fine bill of fare the Nachusa has for an Easter dinner.
—Randolph Whitney, of Franklin Grove, is here to-day.
—Crabtree & Dixon have been beautifying their suits of offices.
—Miss Anna Todd is home from Normal for a few days vacation.
—Will Crawford, of Chicago, was at the Nachusa House last night.
—The students at Steinmann & Murch's college are having a vacation.
—Businessmen's meeting at the County Clerk's office Monday evening.
—Directors meeting of the Loan and Building Association Monday night.
—Grant Bly has accepted a position as stenographer for the Joliet steel works.
—Don't pick up pocketbooks from the sidewalks, nor kick old hats to-morrow.
—Miss Martha Throop and Miss Maud Wood, of Grand Detour, are in the city.
—George Dee is taking a tour through the eastern part of the State selling goods.
—Cots in the halls were necessary to accommodate lodgers at the Nachusa last evening.
—Miss Francis Underwood, of Chicago, is visiting with her cousin, Miss Olive Underwood.
—Miss Cornelia Coleman has returned after a pleasant visit among friends and relatives in Rockford.
—Will O. Coleman, Wallace Cushing and Charles Raymond, of Chicago, are the guest of John Coleman.
—Miss Minnie Beck went to her home at Oregon to-day for a vacation from her studies at the Business college.
—We learn that there is a general strike on the C. W. & St. P. railroad to-day and that all trains are at a stand still.
—The secretary of the Dixon Loan and Building Association will be in his office this evening to receive installments.
—Perry Wood has sold the upper ferry at Grand Detour. Thomas Foxley will serve the public in the future as ferryman.
—Jacob Meserole has come out from Chicago and accepted a situation at Foote's drug store to take the place of John Anderson.
—Governor Oglesby has ordered an election on June fourth in this judicial circuit to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Eustace.
—In the mention of lawyers for Judge Sheldon's place on the supreme bench the Rockford Register says that Judge Bailey seems to lead the list by all odds.

—We notice at Dodge & Kling's jewelry store a very fine communion set for the Universalist church, of this city. It arrived just in time for Easter service.

—Misses Hattie Russel, Minnie Shoemaker and Hattie Spielman, of North Dixon High school, left for Amboy last evening to take examinations under Supt. James.

—Architect McAlpin has rented rooms and water power in the building owned by the Dement estate and will there open extensive shops for the manufacture of articles in his line of work.

—We notice by Chicago papers that Mr. Parsons, of Burlington, Iowa, displayed much courage in arresting a burglar in his house one night this week. The gentleman is a brother of E. C. Parsons, of this city.

—The Illinois Central is to-day unloading several cars of lumber for the trestle work preparatory to the work of erecting the new railroad bridge to be built over the river at this place this spring. So the good improvements go on.

—Mary Hoy, daughter of widow Hoy, of Amboy, died at the residence of H. Street, where she worked, at six o'clock last evening. The illness was very sudden and the immediate cause of death was the result of bowel trouble.

—That was startling news given in this paper last evening concerning another election of a city marshal and to-day the matter is all the talk in the city. There is now as many opinions expressed as to the probable outcome as there are candidates.

—The Sterling Gazette says that a Bible canvasser has reported in that city that he found upon an actual canvass two hundred and eighty-four families in Lee county without Bibles. It is strange that our neighbors down the river should place so much confidence in all reports about Dixon or Lee county. Don't you know, neighbor Cobb, that there is an area of low veracity about all book agents.

—Secretary of State Dement is here from Springfield. He is preparing to move back to Dixon and in a few weeks we will have the pleasure of announcing the arrival of Mr. Dement and family here to make this their future home. He is preparing to place the buildings at the water power and the race in good repair and will in a few months have the vacant places thereabouts turned into hives of industry.

—Mrs. Catharine Londergon, mother of John Londergon, residing about one mile from Eldena, died on Thursday afternoon, aged eighty-one years. She was born in county Warfarford, Ireland, and came to Dixon in 1856, and afterwards moved to Eldena where she had resided for several years before her death. The funeral will take place from the house to-morrow morning at half past nine o'clock, and the remains will be brought to Dixon.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENT

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.
There will be regular Easter morning service at St. Luke's church to-morrow at 11 a. m. Rev. McKim will officiate.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.
Confirmation and communion services in the morning; Sunday school at 12 m.; young people's meeting at 6:30 p. m.; union services at 7:30 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.
Sunday school at 10; Easter recitations. Morning service at 11; subject: "Christ as a Man;" sermon followed by communion. Evening subject; "Easter; I am the Resurrection and the Life." All are cordially invited.

M. E. CHURCH.
Regular services at the Methodist church to-morrow. Morning service 10:30; Sunday school 12 m.; evening service 7. Subject of morning sermon: "The evidences of Christ's Resurrection from the dead and the importance of that fact in the Christian religion." Evening sermon for young men and young women.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Morning service 10:30; sermon to young members, hand of fellowship to new members followed by celebration of the Lord's supper. Sabbath school 12 m.; young people's meeting 6 o'clock, evening service an Easter sermon. Subject, "Our risen Lord." Parties who have not yet brought their offering for foreign missions be sure to bring it to-morrow.

Persons wishing Envelopes. Note or Letter Paper printed, can now obtain the same at this office as cheap as they can buy the bare stock at any stationery store. Call and be convinced.

CONDENSED NEWS.

The Virginia Republican state convention will be held at Petersburg May 17. Depositors of the wrecked Metropolitan bank in Cincinnati are to be paid their claims in full.

Business failures during the seven days ended Friday: United States 179; Canada 42, total 221, compared with 243 last week, and 223 for the corresponding week in 1887.

Emperor Frederick was well enough Friday to drive in a half-open carriage with his wife from Charlottenburg to Berlin and pay a visit to his mother, the Dowager Empress Augusta.

The result of the impeachment trial at Frankfort, Ky., is the anticipated verdict of guilty, and the removal of Treasurer Tate from office. His defalcation is now estimated at \$204,000.

A young man of Battle Creek, Mich., has taken the glanders from giving a horse a blow in the mouth, a slight abrasion of the skin being made by the horse's teeth. He will probably die.

The Northwestern Railroad, of Minneapolis, Minn., says the cost of the western railway rate war so far has been \$15,000,000. The twin cities alone have lost nearly \$500,000 in decrease of business.

New York city employees are in arms against Mayor Hewitt because he refused to declare a holiday on Good Friday. He said it was not a legal holiday, and they say he did it "out of pure cussedness."

The six children of Jacob Krouse, a farmer living near Forest, O., while playing in the woods Thursday, found some wild parsnips and ate them. About midnight they were taken violently sick, and one died in a few hours. The others will die.

The drill used in boring a gas well at Leavenworth, Kan., has penetrated the cavity of an underground river that carries away the loose earth. The drill is now working in the sandstone which forms the bed of the river, which is 1,800 feet below the surface.

A wife beater named Polenski, of Barnesville, Minn., was taken from jail by a mob and a rope placed around his neck to hang him, but he begged so piteously for his life that the mob relented and let him go on a promise of good behavior in the future.

August Hetzke, who whipped his stepson to death in Chicago some months ago, was sentenced Friday by Judge Clifford to the penitentiary for life. He asked for a new trial, having been found guilty at his first trial, and the judge granted the petition provided he would plead guilty, which he immediately did and got the above sentence, thus saving his neck.

Toboggan hats are of many varieties, and none of them especially admirable. Disfigurement in costume seems to be essential to this new kind of outdoor sport, which has now become a veritable craze.

A Paris correspondent tells that a new fashion is peacocks' plumes tied in the coiffure with narrow ribbons. If prettily arranged, says the correspondent, they are very effective, and new in any case.

As many turbans as bonnets are seen at the theatre now, and most of them are stylish and becoming. In Paris turbans of bird feathers, with a gold aigrette in front, are described as the height of fashion.

Now that the imitation jeweled swinging lamps have reached barrooms and worse places, the probabilities are that they will be discarded without a tear by the so called exclusive people who first had them.

Fashion prophets say crinoline will be back in all its "balloony" within a year, and that the bustle is fast being driven away to make way for it. Then good-by to scant skirts and to economy in buying dress patterns.

Velvet basques and redingotes are increasing. Apropos of the former, the news comes over the cable that the Princess of Wales has a velvet basque trimmed with black, long haired fur down the front and around the edge.

Special Land Excursions.

On March 20th, April 3d and 24th, May 8th and 22d, and June 5th, 1888, the "Burlington Route," C. B. & Q. R. R., run Special Land Excursions from Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis and all stations on its line to points in Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota and Dakota, and to points in Colorado east of and including Akron and Sterling on the B. & M. R. R. and Sterling on the U. P. R'y, at greatly reduced rates. This will afford homeseekers, land buyers and others an excellent opportunity for the inspection of the fertile country of central, north-western and south-western Nebraska and north-western Kansas, reached by the new extensions of the Burlington & Missouri River R. R. in Nebraska. Also to visit the rich agricultural districts of Dakota and Minnesota reached by the Burlington route. A great reduction in rates will also be made to Texas, New Mexico, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Arkansas points on March 20th, April 2d and 24th, May 8th and 22d, and June 5th, 1888. Tickets good for thirty days to Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Minnesota and Dakota points; and to all other States mentioned, sixty days. Liberal stop over privileges will be accorded passengers beyond terminal points of this line. For tickets, general or further information regarding the above, apply to any ticket agent of its own or connecting lines or address, Paul Morton, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Illinois.

BIG BOOM BEGUN.

At TILLSON & HAYDEN'S Pharmacy and Paint, Oil, Wall Paper and Curtain Depot. The true reason for this great rush (is easily explained) besides having the largest and choicest assortment of these excellent articles of usefulness, our prices are as low as the lowest, and quality the best. We will never cut the prices on a few articles in order to deceive the public and more than make up on the great many. Our stock is complete, charming and cheap; only a living profit charged on Patent Medicines. It will well pay every body to call and see us.

E. Miller, V. S., will be in Dixon Wednesday, April 4th, at D. W. McKenney's livery. Any person having horses with bad teeth can have the grinders repaired as good as new. It is a great benefit to horses to have their teeth leveled, both for driving and eating. 1318t4

BABY CARRIAGES.

When you want to buy a baby carriage call at the furniture rooms of C. Gonnerman, where you will find a complete stock of the latest designs and most elegant make at the lowest prices. 1311 tf

HELP WANTED.

At the Riverside Shoe Factory. A number of women and girls will find employment by applying at once to the 1311 958tf RIVERSIDE SHOE CO.

A. F. ROBINSON sells Boots and Shoes.

Buggies and Harnesses at Pitcher's. Largest stock and lowest prices. 1275tf.

PAPERING AND PAINTING.

Charles McBride is now prepared to do all kinds of carriage painting, papering painting and decorating in good style and on short notice. 1000tf

RETAIL COAL MARKET.

Corrected daily by L. D. PITCHER dealer in Coal of all kinds, Wood &c. Telephone No. 19. Delivered in any part of the city. Prices:

Hard Coal, Nut or Range,	per ton	\$ 9.00
" Indiana Coal, Lump,	"	5.00
" Illinois Coal, 3d v. lump,	"	4.00
" McOlive, Lump,	"	4.00
Soft Coal, Nut,	"	3.00
Blossburg, Smelting	"	7.00
Hard Wood, Green,	per cord	4.50
" Dry,	"	5.00
Pine Kindling, Dry,	"	4.00

Sale Bills printed in good shape and at moderate prices. Leave your orders at this office.

HOUSE CLEANING.

Carpets beaten, cutting and fitting, floors scrubbed, sweeping, and dusting. Good work done. Orders left at post office. W. H. STEWART.

FOR RENT.

A GOOD HOUSE in Dement Town; with seven rooms. Enquire of Mrs. H. T. NOBLE.

HOUSE, BARN AND LOT in North Dixon. EDWARD O'BRIEN. 1314w1

A HOUSE AND TWELVE ACRES OF LAND beautifully situated one mile north of Dixon on the river road. Enquire of A. M. LANHAM, 1312w2* Executrix of estate of Mr. A. Oddy.

FOR SALE.

MY RESIDENCE on Second street near the College, has gas and city water; also ten lots on Peoria street, three blocks from High School. These are choice lots covered with shade trees. Terms low, on Time. 955 1297 w4* H. E. HAND.

HOUSE AND LOT on the North side. A very desirable and pleasant home. Enquire of 1308w4 S. C. EELLS.

RIVERSIDE REAL ESTATE.

John M. Julien, the Real Estate Agent on Gaiena street, has a number of choice town lots located within two blocks of Riverside Shoe Factory, which he will sell very reasonable, and on easy terms. Also other valuable property in all parts of the city. For terms call on or address JOHN M. JULIEN, Dixon.

Announcement.

J. M. SANTEE respectfully announces himself as a candidate for Highway Commissioner for the town of Dixon at the coming election, and would be glad of the support of his many friends. 1307 927tf

SAMUEL BENNETT is a candidate for Highway Commissioner, for Dixon township, at the coming election, and would be glad of the support of his friends. 956 1303tf

At the solicitation of my many friends I announce myself as a candidate for Collector at the coming spring election. JULIUS MEYER.

WILLIAM REILLY wishes to announce himself as a candidate for Collector at the coming spring township election, and would be glad of the support of his neighbors.

C. M. CROSEY, (the city truckman) desires to say to the people that he will be a candidate for Collector at the coming spring election, and would be thankful for the support of his friends.

WILLIAM GEPHART respectfully announces himself as a candidate for the office of Collector at the coming spring election, and would be thankful for the support of his many friends.

D. J. SNYDER wishes to announce to his many friends of Dixon that he will be a candidate for Collector at the coming spring election, and would be thankful for the support of friends.

As Candidate for office of Collector at the coming spring election I respectfully ask the support of the citizens. L. T. MEKILAM.

THE

Dixon Milling Co.

Are now selling

FL:O:U:R

At Wholesale and Retail!

Prices were never lower, and the quality was never

EXCELLED.

EVERYTHING GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED

OR : MONEY : REFUNDED.

WE ARE GIVING AWAY

BEAUTIFUL

E: A: S: T: E: R C: A: R: D: S

— WITH THE —

DIAMOND EASTER DYES.

Each Package contains Four Colors and will dye six Dozen Eggs. Price per Package, with Easter Card,

ONLY 10 CTS.

Buy a Package at once, and get a beautiful Easter Card worth 10 cts. as a gift.

FOR SALE BY

D. S. HORTON,

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST.

TELEPHONE NO. 15.

WAY DOWN

PRICES!

— O —

I will continue my great sale or

Pianos AND Organs

For Ten Days More.

CALL : AND : SEE : ME :

R. A. RODESCH

NO. 4 OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

BROWNING & KING'S SPRING SAMPLES

— FOR —

CUSTOM MADE SUITS!

— AT —

CHARLEY'S

Suits Made to Order for \$15

Fine Line of Boys Clothing Just Received

Boy's Pants Only	25cts
Boy's Fur Crushers	50cts
Men's Fur Crushers	60cts
Men's Wool Hats	25cts

With each dollar purchased one chance given to draw one of JOHN LORD'S buggy's at

CHARLEY'S
OPERA BL'K with RODESCH.

FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

We are now receiving the largest and most select stock of Wall Paper, Borders, Centers, Flock Window Shades and Fixtures ever before offered in this market. You will find our prices very low. We will take pleasure in showing you these goods.

Come and see us.

TRUMAN & CO.

(NO. 3 OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.)

SUCCESSOR TO T. J. HYDE & CO.

Evening Telegraph

By Telegraph and Herald Co.
B. F. SHAW, Editor.

DIXON, ILLINOIS

GEN. ALBERT PIKE never uses any but quill pens, and he carefully preserves them when they are worn out. He has probably 10,000 old pens stored away in his cupboards.

THE following is the seating capacity of the eight largest churches of Europe: St. Peter, Rome, 54,000 persons; Milan Cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul, Rome, 25,000; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Florence Cathedral, 20,000; Pisa Cathedral 18,000; St. Mark, Venice, 7,000.

It was Isabella of Bavaria, a woman remarkable for her complexion, who introduced the fashion of having the shoulders and part of the neck uncovered as a feature in the evening dress. The fashion, no doubt, dates back to Eve, but what is now known as décollete dress is credited to Isabella.

THIS is from the Philadelphia Press: "I haven't had a cold for years," said a well-known physician the other night. "Not since I gave up the pernicious habit of turning up the collar of my top coat. Don't be afraid of exposing your throat, unless the rain goes down your neck—then it's only a matter of comfort for the time being."

FRANCIS MURPHY, the great temperance advocate, wants a law passed making it a crime for a man to treat or be treated. Upon this subject Mr. Murphy said in Buffalo: "It is an awful thing for a man to say no when he has not been weaned. Look at the effect on a baby that has been on the bottle for two years when you undertake to wean it. What, think you, must it be with a man who has been on a bottle for twenty years?"

A PLATE slab mill, said to be the largest in the world, has just been built for the Carnegie Works, at Homestead, Pa. The mill is sufficiently large to roll armor plates. Four rolls, two vertical and two horizontal, will be used. The total weight of the mill is 835,000 pounds. Of this immense amount of metal 215,000 pounds are of steel castings, making this machinery the largest in the world. The ingots to be rolled on it will weigh from forty to fifty tons each, and the tables on each side will have twenty rollers each, both tables weighing about 400,000 pounds.

RECENT researches by Professor Brown Sequard demonstrate that a liquid obtained from the vapor of air from the lungs is so poisonous that a dose of twenty centigrammes (less than four grains) sufficed to kill a dog in about seven hours. From his researches the following conclusions may be adduced: 1. In respired air is found a volatile principle, most deadly in its effects, emanating from the lungs, and much more dangerous than the carbonic acid which is also met with in it. 2. Human breath, as well as that of animals, thus contains a poison which is most powerful. 3. The hygienic requirement of free ventilation, especially of sleeping-rooms, is well founded.

YEARS ago a movement was started in Northumberland County, Virginia, to erect a monument to George Washington's mother, and now the United States Senate has voted to appropriate \$20,000 in aid of the enterprise. Upon this the Cleveland Plain Dealer says: "With all due respect to the worthy woman who gave to the world the father of our country, we are inclined to ask how much monumentary glorification the Washington family is entitled to? Why should not the first President's father have a monument raised to his honor? Perhaps the government might also reduce the treasury surplus a bit by putting up tablets somewhere to the memory of Adam and Eve, from whom the Washington family was descended."

CONGRESSMAN CRAIN, of Texas, is a highly impassioned speaker. When he takes the House by its capacious ear he does it with fire in his eye. He struts and bellows and pants. He walks up and down the aisle, pounds the desk in front of him and saws the air with his beautiful arms. It was one of these moods, says a Washington correspondent, that I saw him talking about—which isn't so very strange, after all—but what impressed me particularly was the vehemence with which he belabored a poor, innocent atlas spread out before him. It must have equally impressed a group of Republican Congressmen on the other side of the hall, for presently one of them was heard to exclaim: "There, now, gentlemen, there's a striking instance of the necessity for passing the Blair educational bill." "How's that?"

"Well, there's Crane—a Congressman from Texas—he can't even talk geography without the aid of an atlas." For all that Crain is considered to be "a very good fellow."

A NEW YORKER, in speaking of Tom Ochiltree, says: "It seems almost impossible to keep out of his way. I have him served up with my toast and morning paper; he is the first man I meet on Broadway in the morning; he generally occupies two tables at the Hoffman every time I lunch there, or in any other restaurant it happens to be my luck to plunge into. He is the first in the Hoffman House bar, and the last to leave it. Not that he is a drinking man, but he is a good-natured, jolly little man, with an infectious laugh, a fund of good anecdotes and a profusion of time on his hands to tell his own fish yarns, and listen with apparently absorbed attention to those of his friends. In fact he is par excellence a good listener, an accomplishment which I recommend all young men who want to get on in the world to cultivate most ardently."

A REMARKABLE case of chronic hydrocephalus is puzzling the physicians of East St. Louis. The sufferer is Maggie Clark, aged 5 years, a child of Edward Clark, a car repairer in the Vandalia yards. The child was born June 8, 1883, at Brazil, Ind., and only weighed two pounds, but was perfectly formed. About five months after birth the child's head began to swell, and the parents consulted Drs. Givert and Black, both of Brazil, Ind., but they were unable to stop the enlargement, and in three weeks the infant's head had attained its present circumference of two feet three inches. When the child was born the skin on the top of the head was transparent and the brain could be plainly seen. The skull has gradually grown over the brain, however, until it is almost entirely closed. The child was 3 years of age before she could sit up, and has never been able to walk. A most peculiar feature about the case is that the child is more than ordinarily bright, and has never been sick a day. She speaks both German and English, the former language having been taught her by her mother, who was born in Germany. She is always in good spirits and is not at all abashed in the presence of strangers, answering all questions put to her.

COLONEL MARTIN, the Texas member who gained some little newspaper celebrity a few months ago by blowing out the gas in his room, has again come to the front. The new story runs like this: Not long ago the Colonel moved into Grant row up on Capitol Hill. Grant row is a very nice part of the city, and for a distance of about one block the houses are all exactly alike. About ten days ago Colonel Martin started home about 7 o'clock, and entered what he supposed to be the house in which he had taken quarters. He walked into a room which corresponded with his own, but was very much surprised to find a lot of strange people in there eating their supper. When he came in contact with them he said: "Howdy, howdy, howdy." As soon as he had explained his mistake he took his departure and then got into the right house. Two or three times subsequently he had considerable difficulty in finding the house at night, and, therefore, he concluded that he would put an end to this sort of business. As the story goes, he tied a red rag about the length of the average stocking to the bell knob. Some of the ladies in the house discovered the rag hanging from the bell knob and removed it. The Colonel is then said to have tied another rag to the door knob. All great men have their peculiarities, and the friends of Colonel Martin insist that he is entitled to his. He very justly claims that if the people will build so many houses alike in a row, it is impossible for a man to find his own house unless he will adopt some good method of locating it.

THE Earth's Primeval Crust. Geologists admit that the condition of the earth's surface before the primary strata began to be formed cannot be satisfactorily determined. Although certain parts of the still remaining crust are called archæan, it is very doubtful whether they represent the primeval crust. There is a much better chance that in portions of the moon's surface the primeval rocks will still remain in something like its primeval condition, so that we may be able to read a portion of the past history of the earth better in our neighbor world, the moon, than in our own, just as we can form a better idea of the nature of our savage ancestry by studying the ways and manners of less civilized races of to-day than from any evidence that we can obtain from the study of the records of our own race.—Richard A. Proctor.

DEATH rocks our second childhood to sleep in the cradle of the coffin.—Chatfield.

AMONG THE CHILDREN.

WANTED A CHANGE.

LITTLE Harry, aged 5, whose mother had been trying to impress upon his mind the idea of an all-seeing God—Mamma, does God see all I do? Mamma—Why, yes, Harry. When you are good He sees it and is happy, and when you are naughty He sees it and it makes Him unhappy. Harry, after careful thought—Mamma, does He know everything you do? Did He see you when you punished me yesterday? Mamma—Yes, He saw me, and he felt sorry little Harry was so naughty. You can't go out of doors or do anything in the house that He doesn't see and know. He wants you to be a good boy. Harry, drawing a long breath—Well, I guess I'll go over to the D—s, and stay. They don't have any God over there!

A POETIC IDEA.

My little Walter, age 3, one evening not long ago, spent the evening at his uncle's. When we came home it was very dark and the wind blew quite hard. The next day his uncle came in and said, "How did you get home last night, Walter?" "Oh, pretty well, only the wind blew all the stars out," said Walter.

REFERRED TO ST. ANTHONY.

LITTLE Frankie, aged 3, was told that God made him. He said, "My clothes, too?" His mamma said, "No." "Well," said he, "wa'n't God ashamed?"

SHE COULD NOT TRUST HIM.

I have a little daughter, Eva, 7 years old. I was telling her of a bank in the shape of a log cabin, with a negro standing at the door, that I thought of getting her to put her pennies in, and was explaining that when the white-wash brush that hangs upon the side of the cabin is pulled down he kicks the penny into his house. After a moment's reflection she said, "I'm afraid the nigger would steal all the money."

FORGOT HE WAS EVER YOUNG HIMSELF. My little 3-year-old boy, on being put to bed one night recently, was prevented from going to sleep by the crying of his baby brother. After standing it for about half an hour he said: "Oh dear! I'm tired of that music that baby makes."

HAD HER PICTURE TAKEN.

My little daughter goes to the Trinity Sunday-school and has been to several revival meetings. Last week she had her photograph taken, and after the operator had finished her grandmother asked her how she felt? She said she felt about as she thought they do when they go forward for prayers, they don't know whether it took good or not.

NOW, DON'T SAY WHITE HORSE.

A cousin of mine when 3 years old was taught to say her prayers and on finishing to ask God to bless her and make her a good girl. So the next evening when she had finished she said, "God bless me and make me a good girl and make my mother not whip me."

The Climate of Southern California.

But it is seldom cold in the Needles and the Mohave Deserts—a shimmering alkaline waste; eighty-five degrees in March, and say 120 degrees to 130 degrees in July. It does not matter. The few people in the far apart stations live in houses that have a second detached roof, put on like a fly of a tent; and the heated, desolate passage is a providential arrangement to lower the spirits of a traveler to the enjoyment of the irrigated country recovered from the desert, in Southern California. It is a veritable paradise, as really such as the oasis of Fayoum in Egypt. Heavens! how the human eye does crave the green color; how grateful it is for a field of barley, a straight eucalyptus tree, vines and roses clambering over the houses, the lustrous foliage of the orange groves starred with globes of gold. This is paradise. And the climate? Perpetual summer (but daily rising in price). There is no doubt of this when you reach the San Gabriel Valley, Pasadena, and Los Angeles. Avenues of eucalyptus, pepper, and orange trees, two, three, four rows of them, seven and eight miles long; vast plumed fields of oranges; the vine stubs in the grape plantations beginning to bud; barley fodder (the substitute for hay) well up the verdant; palm-trees and other semi-tropical plants, and all the flowers, and shrubs, and vines, gay, rampant, vigorous, ever-blooming, in doorways, gardens, over-running trees and houses—surely it is summer. There is snow sprinkled on the bare, ashly hills, but everywhere in the plain is water, from the unfailing mountain springs, running in wooden conduits and ditches. You can buy this water at so much an hour. All you need to buy is climate and water—the land is thrown in. It is warm in the sun—the thermometer may indicate seventy degrees; it is even hot, walking out through the endless orange plantations and gardens that surround Los Angeles; but there is a chill the instant you pass into the shade, you still need your winter clothing, and if you drive, or ride in the grip-cars over the steep hills, you require a winter overcoat. The night temperature throughout California is invariably in great contrast to that in the daytime; nearly everywhere fire is necessary at night the year round, and agreeable nearly all the year, even in Southern California. I doubt if it is ever pleasant to sit out-of-doors or on the piazzas at night, though it may be in the hotter

months, in the southern portion. But it is very confusing to the mind of the new-comer to reconcile his necessity for winter clothing to what he sees and almost feels; in short, to get used to the climate. The invalid is thrown off his guard by appearances; and I should say that there is no country in the world where a person needs to use more care about taking cold. Yet this must be said, the air is bracing and life-giving.

Dinner Table Art.

Everything on a dinner table ought to be the best of its kind procurable—linen, plate, glass, and all else. So much time has to be spent at table that coarse and untidy ornament is better than none. One gets very tired of sitting opposite a shabby flower, a bit of velvetene, a crooked array of heterogeneous vases! Some modern tables, centered with a fine piece of old marquetry of embroidery are very pleasing. Some people, in revolt against old-fashioned precision swathe all the lamps and dishes with art-silks—some cast meandering muslin in more or less awkward twists in and out of the dessert dishes—some scatter dried leaves and red apples. These simple devices may be pretty, as a pot or a fabric may be picturesque however cheap. But it is not pretty because cheap, or dear, either, for the matter of that. It is less the materials used than the way in which we use them which constitutes a success, and it is not everybody who can so drape a table as to make it look "artistic," and not merely untidy. It is a mistake to drive an idea to death, and I think the tide sets in the direction of untidiness just now. Cheap lace drapes the lamp, cheap silks everything else, false art squirms and attitudinises in the electro epergnes, even the silver is more massive than good, and a coarse tablecloth often underlies fine Worcester plates. All this is as it should not be. Better a simple dish of apples than a pretentious epergne. When art is admitted it should be perfect of its kind, down to the table-cloth, and a definite scheme should be carried out. Given a certain embroidery, the toys and ornamental dishes should obey the lines of its design. Every detail demands a *raison d'être*. The blank Sahara of table cloth offers a fair field to a good design, like a wall or a door; at an Episcopal palace recently I saw some very graceful ones. The table was dressed with small pieces of fern laid in elaborate pattern, and dotted at intervals with blossoms, every day a different color. This is not a new idea, and all depends on the neatness and precision of the arrangement; but the designs are so pretty, the curves so firm, and the crossings so exact, that a really artistic effect was invariably produced.—*Magazine of Art*.

The Isthmus of Panama.

The Isthmus of Panama is a strange, remarkable territory, a land still comparatively unknown, though for more than three centuries it has been one of the world's bustling highways. Who would expect to find here, on American soil, along the whole route of the projected canal scarcely one save woolly-headed negroes? The sovereign State of Panama, whose connection with the Republic of Columbia is an extremely loose one, numbers, it is true, as many brown as black citizens—about 100,000 of each—but the Indians live away from the high-road of commerce, in the almost inaccessible interior, and even the 50,000 creoles, Yankees, and other white or partially white inhabitants, who represent the intelligence and enterprise of the country, are almost overshadowed by the negro race. How could it be otherwise, since, in this climate, the white man must almost always be a transient guest, and can never live, or at least work, permanently from generation to generation? The Spanish creole directs politics, the North American or European foreigner manages commerce and public works, but the fact is undeniable, that unless new mixed races grow up, who possess greater powers of endurance, the more menial kinds of labor will ever remain in the hands of the more vigorous negro. And, since the sanguine, careless creatures, when not forced by necessity to work, are incorrigibly lazy, we find in this country, which might produce an abundance of the finest food, the strange state of affairs that all the necessities of life must be imported, that wages for the most trivial work are extravagantly high, and consequently the cost of living is greater than anywhere else in America, or perhaps the whole world. With the exception of a few plantations of banana trees, there is no attempt at agriculture, the entire region back from the coast is a wooded, almost uninhabited wilderness, divided into different portions by hills and mountains of moderate height overgrown by impenetrable forests.

Electric Power from Coal.

The direct conversion of heat into electric work is a problem that continues to tax the ingenuity of the electricians. What seems to be the most promising attempt at solution yet made is a new thermo-magnetic generator and motor devised by M. Menges, of the Hague. Like the recent pyromagnetic dynamo of Edison, it depends on the fact that the magnetic metals lose their magnetic power when heated. It claims several important advantages, however, the chief being that the necessary alterations of heating and cooling are given automatically, and that the cores of the armature coils are relieved from changes of temperature.—*Arkansas Traveler*.

A DEALER in small wares facetiously terms his sales of hosiery his stockin' trade.

READ THIS, NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

Do Not Fail to Read the Warning.

Have you dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, kidney and liver disease? Every hour you neglect them may take years from your life. Have you nervousness, weakness, nervous debility, sleeplessness, and exhaustion? Every beat of your heart is but a funeral march toward your grave. Have you neuralgia, rheumatism, epilepsy, palpitation, the tobacco or morphine habit? Any one of these is liable at any moment to take your heart in its deadly grasp. Have you headache, loss of memory, numbness, trembling, prickly sensation, cold feet, or weariness of the limbs? The sword of Damocles is suspended above you, for just so sure as you neglect these symptoms, just so sure will paralysis, insanity, prostration, or death follow. Save yourselves from these alarming results while there is yet time by the use of that most wonderful discovery for the nerves, Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, which is a perfect and complete cure for all the above diseases. Pronounced the greatest medical discovery of the century. It will take away your nervousness and make your nerves strong and steady. If you are weak, tired, and exhausted, it will make you strong and vigorous. It will cure your indigestion and dyspepsia, give you an appetite, regulate your bowels, kidneys, and liver. It will give you natural and refreshing sleep, stop all palpitation of the heart, trembling, numbness, headache, and neuralgia pains. It is a perfect specific for nervous debility and exhausted nervous vitality. It is the best spring tonic, invigorator, and restorative in existence, for it makes the weak strong, invigorates the tired and overworked brain, nerves, the weary limbs, and restores health, strength, and vitality. Do not fail to use this wonderful remedy, and you are sure of a cure. For sale by all druggists at \$1 per bottle. If your druggist does not have it he will get it for you. Insist upon having Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic. Its discoverer, Dr. Greene, is the great specialist in nervous diseases, of 35 West 14th st., New York, who can be consulted free of charge, personally or by letter.

THE Fleet Prison was founded in the year of Richard I. The building, and in fact the locality, obtained its name from having been built over the small river Fleta, now used as a common sewer for London. In the reign of Henry VII. this river is said to have been navigable to Holborn bridge.

GREAT EXCITEMENT

At the Valley City Mills, Which the Foreman Explains as Follows.

DEAR FRIEND—Yours of the 26th instant was received, and I beg pardon for not answering it sooner. The fact is I am working day and night; have not been as well in fifteen years. That trouble with my stomach and the rheumatism which nearly killed me, has been entirely cured by Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters. Mother is now taking it, and thinks there is no medicine in the world equal to it. A. W. THOMPSON, Valley City Mills, Grand Rapids, Mich. Dec. 23, 1887.

PLINY attributes the invention of soap to the Gauls. If he attributed it to the Turks he would be regarded as an unreliable historian.—*Puck*.

THOUSANDS say that ELY'S CREAM BALM cured them of CATARRH. Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., N. Y.

STEKETEE'S Dry Bitters! Make your own Bitters. Why pay a Dollar for a bottle of Stomach Bitters, containing more poor whiskey than medicine, when the undersigned will send you by mail one 4 oz. package of ROOTS, HERBS and BERRIES, which will make ONE GALLON of the best TONIC known, and cure all the ills of the system, such as AGUE, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, FEVER and AGUE; as an appetizer none better; acts on the Kidneys and general debility, and gives Tone to the Stomach; in fact I challenge all other Tonics. It is far the cheapest Tonic known. One package will equal one dozen bottles of ordinary Bitters sold at One Dollar per bottle. Full directions on every package. Ask your Druggist for "STEKETEE'S DRY BITTERS." If your druggist does not keep them on sale, then send to the undersigned. I will send one package to any address within the U. S. on receipt of 25¢ U. S. postage stamps taken in payment. Two packages sold at One Dollar per bottle. Address: GEO. G. STEKETEE, Grand Rapids, Mich. Use STEKETEE'S PIN WORM DESTROYER, sure cure. Price 25 cents.

Silk and Satin Ribbons FREE! LADIES, THIS IS FOR YOU!

A rare gift for the ladies. Save much money and secure the best! Every lady knows and appreciates the privilege of having a few remnants of ribbon, ready for use, and which they, the ladies, use to such advantage. To purchase what is wanted at such low prices, such goods are sold for, would cost a great deal more. Indulging their tastes in this direction, Reducing the price of these thousands of ribbons among the large importing houses of America which they would be willing to dispose of in bulk, for a small fraction of their cost, to any one capable of purchasing largely, we instituted a search, resulting in our obtaining the entire stock of Silk and Satin Ribbons Remnants of several of the largest of these houses, who imported the goods from Europe. These goods may be depended upon as superior to anything to be found, except in the very best stores of America. Yet they are given away free, nothing like it ever known, and sent absolutely free. We have expended thousands of dollars in this direction, and can offer an immensely varied, and most complete assortment of ribbons in every conceivable shade and width, and all of excellent quality, adapted for neck-wear, bonnet strings, hat trimmings, bows, scarfs, dress trimmings, silk quilt work, and all other uses. These remnants range from one yard and upwards in length. The patterns are new and late styles, and may be depended on as beautiful, refined, fashionable, and complete. How to get a box containing a Complete Assortment of these elegant Ribbons Free. The Practical Housekeeper and Ladies' Friend. Send to the undersigned, enclosing the following: 1. A recent issue of the *Practical Housekeeper*, published by the undersigned, for the month of January, 1888. 2. A recent issue of the *Practical Housekeeper*, published by the undersigned, for the month of February, 1888. 3. 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THREE WORDS.

There are three lessons I would write,
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracing of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith! Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm'st of port, the tempest's mirth,
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love! Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

"Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, faith and love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges fiercest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind."
—Schiller.

A SWEET REVENGE

BY HUGH CONWAY.

CHAPTER II.

Much as I disliked that young man, I was bound to confess that he looked provocingly handsome as he stood bare-headed in the moonlight, watching the wreaths of smoke from his cigar curling about in the still air. I could now scan him quite at my ease. My courage had returned, and I felt myself insured against discovery. My only dread was that the two men would begin to talk secrets. In such a case, my keen sense of honor must, of course, make me reveal my presence. I made a firm resolution that I would not play at eavesdropping. Alas, for poor humanity! In a minute I was straining my ears to catch every word. Yet how could I help it? Heritage Rivers was the subject of their discourse.

"I hope you found your companion at dinner a pleasant one?" said Mr. Ramsay.

"Oh, yes; very pleasant," replied Mr. Hope carelessly. "She's a nice sort of a girl, I dare say."

A nice sort of a girl! The wretched man! I hated him!

"We think a great deal more of her than that," said that dear old Mr. Ramsay.

"Indeed," replied his companion, without evincing the slightest interest in the matter.

"Yes—indeed, and indeed," echoed my old friend, "But, joking apart, did you not notice she bids fair to be a most beautiful woman?"

It would have needed little more to have brought me from my lurking-place on purpose to kiss that good old man!

Vincent Hope laughed quietly.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I don't think I noticed her much. She seemed to me of the ordinary school-girl type. I don't care much for school girls."

I dug my nails into my hands and ground my teeth. Handsome as the man looked in the moonlight, I could have killed him then and there.

"Yet," said Mr. Ramsay, "I noticed she talked pretty freely to you."

The shrug of Mr. Hope's shoulders almost maddened me.

"Yes; but sad nonsense," he said, "although it was rather amusing at times. Of course, it's not fair to judge her now. She is very raw, and, I should say, rather awkward. If properly looked after, no doubt she will grow up to be a decent sort of a young woman."

Raw and awkward! He spoke of me—me, whom many of my school friends called Queen Heritage, from the stately and dignified manner I was supposed to assume at times. A decent sort of a young woman! That I should hear a man, one, moreover, in his own opinion a judge on such matters, gravely set this up as the standard to which I might arrive—if properly looked after. It was too much; the fall was too great. And as the horrible thought flashed across me that his description might be true, his prediction correct, tears of sheer mortification sprang into my eyes. Even Mr. Ramsay's almost testy rejoinder gave me no comfort.

"Oh, nonsense, Hope! She will grow up a beautiful, accomplished and clever woman. You judge her wrongly. Talk to her again in the drawing-room; there she will be more at home."

"All right, I will," the wretch answered. "But at present I want to talk to you about more important things than young ladies. I have to-day been offered the editorship of the *Piccadilly Magazine*. Shall I take it?"

"I congratulate you. But it is too serious a matter to decide on here. We will talk it over by-and-by. We must join the ladies now. I see every one else has gone in."

"Then I suppose we must," said Mr. Hope rather ruefully, and tossing his cigar away with a half-sigh.

I waited a minute; then I peered out, and at last ventured to creep round the laurel and reconnoiter. The broad back of my candid critic was just disappearing through the dining-room window. I shook my fist viciously at it. I watched Mr. Ramsay follow his guest, saw the window close and the blind fall; then I flew at top speed to the library, whence I had made my exit, entered noiselessly, and threw myself into a chair, feeling that my life was blighted.

The room was faintly lighted up; the door was closed; I was alone with my misery; for misery it was; I use the word soberly and advisedly, without a thought of jesting. Fortunately or unfortunately, I had heard myself appraised at my true value. My merits had been weighed by an impartial hand; I had been judged and condemned. I was a failure. "Raw and awkward." "A decent sort of a young woman"—the words ate into my heart. No expressions could have been devised which would have wounded me more deeply.

He would give me another chance in the drawing-room. Would he? I think not, Mr. Vincent Hope. No power on earth shall take me there to-night. I turn the gas up, and look at myself in the mirror. My hair is disheveled, my eyes are red, and I can not help fancying that my nose looks rather coarse. Yes; it must be true; I am not even good-looking.

Beneficial as it may be for one who is not without vanity to learn the truth, I hate with a deadly hatred the man who has revealed it to me. Solemnly I declare, somehow, that some day I will have my revenge. I am very young, which is an advantage to one who may have to wait a long time for a certain object. Oh, yes; I can wait—even for ten, fifteen or twenty years, I can wait; but I will have revenge, full revenge. So I raved on and on, growing more magical

every moment, until I broke down, and began to cry again.

I had barely dried my eyes, when Clara entered the room.

"What, Heritage!" she cried; "you here! I have hunted high and low for you, but never thought of looking here. Come into the drawing-room; we must sing our duet."

I pleaded a splitting headache; I could not bear the hot room. I should go to bed at once; and, in spite of Clara's entreaties, to bed I went, and had the pleasure of dreaming that I was sticking stilettes and scissors into Mr. Vincent Hope. This was so comforting that I was quite sorry when morning came and I found it was but a dream.

"Wasn't he delightful?" was Clara's first question when we met.

"Wasn't who delightful?"

"Mr. Hope, of course. The other men were fogies."

"Now, Clara; look here. Once for all, I tell you I found that young man detestable—simply detestable! I hate him. I never met any one I took such a dislike to."

Clara's blue eyes opened in amazement. "I thought you got on so well together," she said. "He asked for you in the drawing-room, and seemed quite sorry to hear you were ill. We all liked him immensely."

He asked after me! A piece of impertinence—a gratuitous insult—a piece of superfluous hypocrisy, which were it possible, made my wish for revenge stronger. "Well, I loathe him," I said, "and there's an end of it. I won't even talk about him."

I was as good as my word, and Clara, for the want of a listener, was obliged to desist from ringing the changes in praise of Mr. Hope.

I left Twickenham two or three days after this. As I drove to the station, Mr. Hope—most likely on his way to Ramsay's house—passed the carriage. Clara was with me, so the young man bowed to us collectively. I made no sign of recognition.

"Heritage," said Clara, "that was Mr. Hope. Didn't you see him?"

"Was it?" I replied. "I had quite forgotten what he was like."

For a beginner, this was a pretty good fib. After telling it so calmly, I felt I was getting on. "Raw and awkward!" Oh, no! I did not forget either the words or the speaker. When I declare vendetta, I mean it.

Five years passed by. I was twenty-two. I had seen many people and many things. Either for better or worse, I had changed in much, but still retained my knack of never forgetting a foe or a friend. Incredible as it seems, my anger against Mr. Hope was keen as ever—my wish for revenge as strong. The injury he had unwittingly done me had been greater than, even in my first burst of rage, I had imagined. During the interval his words kept recurring to my mind, and hindered the growth of proper confidence and self-esteem. A long series of pleasant little social triumphs alone permitted me to say at last that his prophecy had not been fulfilled. But now, after five years, the more I thought of the annoyance, even anguish, his words had caused me, the more vicious I felt toward him; the more resolved to compass revenge when the opportunity occurred. Oh, yes; I was a good hater—not a doubt of it. I could carry my stone seven years in my pocket, then turn it and carry it seven years more, or twice seven years, never for a moment forgetting its ultimate destination.

But when should I have the chance of hurling it, and how should I act when the chance came? Except in the street, casually, I had never since met the man. Vincent Hope visited no friends of mine save the Ramsays. They left Twickenham shortly after my visit, and now lived a hundred miles from town. I had stayed with them several times, but my foe had never appeared. Of course, I had heard a great deal about him. He was now quite a famous man. To keep myself posted up in the light literature of the day, I was compelled to read his books, and in honesty I am bound to say I admired them, although I detested the author of them. Surely we must meet some day. I went out a great deal, and I heard he was much sought after. But our paths as yet had not crossed.

It was winter. I was spending some weeks with new friends, who had taken a great fancy to me—kind, hospitable people, who like to have a constant stream of visitors passing, but very slowly, through their house. The Lightons were a wealthy county family, noted for their open-hearted hospitality. I never stayed at a gayer or pleasanter place than Blaize House. It was not very large; but from the way in which it seemed to extend itself to accommodate the numerous guests, my belief is it must have been built on the plan of an accordion. I can only account for its capabilities by this theory.

Except from the tiny village which gave or took its name, Blaize was miles away from everywhere; but its resources, so far as amusement went, made it immaterial in what part of the world it stood. The family consisted of Mr. Lighton—called by everyone, even his guests, the Squire; his wife, a fitting companion to him, who shared his pursuits and heartily seconded the welcome he gave to everyone; and two daughters about my own age. These may be termed the nucleus, the standing congregation of the establishment. In addition there were two sons who turned up unexpectedly and at intervals; and two or three cousins were invariably sojourning there. Add to these, again, the floating population in the shape of visitors who came and went, and you will realize that it was a merry house.

Breakfast was just over; we had been longer about it than usual, the weather being too damp and drizzly to tempt us out of doors. Letters were being read with the last cup of tea. The Squire selected one from his pile, and tossed it over to his wife, remarking that she would be glad to hear the good news it contained. Then it went from hand to hand until I had the pleasure of reading:

"MY DEAR SQUIRE: I have just written the delightful word *Pinis* at the bottom of a page, which is the last of my last immortal (!) production. I will do no more work for weeks, but will take the train to-morrow and come to Blaize House, in time, I hope, for dinner. I do not apologize for this short notice, knowing there is even more joy within your gates over the invitation than the invited guest."

"Yours always, VINCENT HOPE."

Vincent Hope! It must be my enemy. The allusion to his literary pursuits put that beyond a doubt. My time had come! I could not have selected a fairer field on which to mete out the vengeance I had stored up. As I read that letter, I posi-

tively blushed with pleasure, so vividly that I feared people might jump at entirely wrong conclusions. I thought of nothing all day but the way in which my enemy was delivered into my hands. The delight of having at last the chance of paying out the critic for his criticism produced a frame of mind which seemed to urge me to go into quiet corners and laugh at my own thoughts. I had plenty of time to mature my plans and draw soothing pictures of the effects of my revenge. I resolved to risk no chance meeting with the foe; and feeling that a good beginning would be half the battle, before six o'clock I went to my room to arm for the fray.

Remember, I am confessing, not jesting. I sent for my maid, and bade her take down my hair and brush it. If, as her deft fingers braided my locks to my satisfaction, I had thought the girl would have comprehended me, I might have quoted certain lines of Mrs. Browning's which kept singing through my head:

Comb it smooth, and crown it fair;
I would look in purple pall, from the lattice down the wall.

And throw scorn on one that's there.
Anyway, she crowned it fair enough, and, by my express desire, clad me in my most becoming garb. Then, a few minutes before the bell rang, I sent her away, and stood alone before the cheval glass surveying myself with a contented smile. For my plan of revenge had at least the merit of simplicity; it was to win that man's admiration—if possible his love. Upon the day when he offered me the latter, and I coldly and scornfully rejected it, I should feel that I had squared all accounts between us in a manner highly satisfactory to myself.

How do women win men's love? I did not quite know; but I fancied, if conducted properly, the operation was not of a difficult nature. I hoped and believed I should succeed. Although my resolution reads badly, and sounds even worse, I comfort myself by thinking that as I meant to refuse what I had laid myself out to win, no one would dare to censure me or accuse me of very unbecoming conduct. And now what are my weapons with which to conquer?

I looked at myself in the glass. It may read like vanity, but I feel that old Mr. Ramsay's prediction is fairly verified. Although I blush as I appraise myself, I know I am no longer the slim school-girl—but that I am something not, perhaps, far off a beautiful woman. I am tall. My figure is certainly good. My complexion will bear any test; and something tells me I could, if I wished, make my eyes dangerous. So much for nature! As for art, I have chosen the prettiest of many pretty gowns, and my gowns now have a knack of sitting well upon me; so I am not ashamed to walk gracefully across the room, and, courtesying to myself in the glass, say approvingly to my double: "Yes, Heritage Rivers, you have grown into a very decent sort of a woman—a very decent sort!" Having refreshed my memory by the repetition of that peculiarly galling phrase, I gather up my skirts and sally forth to victory.

Fortune favored me. As the greatest stranger and last arrival, it would have been in Vincent Hope's province to take our hostess into the dining-room had we not been favored that day with a county magistrate, whose claim to precedence could not be lightly overlooked. It seemed but natural and part of the plot that the Squire should present Mr. Vincent Hope to Miss Rivers, and for the second time in their lives these two should be seated side by side sipping their soup in unison—but this time, if wounded vanity was to be the result of the contiguity, Miss Rivers would not be the victim.

So I began:

"You have come straight from town, Mr. Vincent? I fancied the Squire said? We all call him Squire, you know."

"Oh, yes. He is an old friend of mine. But he called me Vincent Hope, I suspect."

This gave me what I wanted, an excuse for looking him full in the face—an act which, besides being a fitting tribute to his fame, enabled me to observe how time had treated him. So I lifted my lashes and looked straight at him. If time had not been quite idle with him, it had treated him kindly. He was handsome as ever. The hair near his temples being just flecked with gray did not detract from his good looks. I thought his features looked more marked, and the whole expression of his face more confident and powerful even than of old. He had won success, and no doubt, fully realized and enjoyed the fact. "Vincent Hope!" I echoed. "Not the Vincent Hope?"

I guessed instinctively that flattery was not a bad gun with which to open fire. By this time his name was so well known that it would have been affectation to appear to misunderstand me. He bowed and smiled.

"How delightful!" I exclaimed, my look, I am ashamed to say, confirming my words. "Now, tell me how I should talk to you. Ought I to give you my opinion about all the characters in your books; or ought I to sit silent and awed, treasuring up every word of wit and wisdom you may let fall?"

"Neither, I must beg. I have just thrown off the harness, and come down to enjoy the Squire's clover. I am trying to forget there is such a thing as work in the world."

"Very well. I shall take you at your word, after, as in duty bound, saying I have read all you have written, so far as I know."

His wish to avoid the topic of his own achievements may have been a genuine one, but, nevertheless, he seemed pleased with my remark, and, looking at me with a smile, said:

"Exchange is but fair. I scarcely heard what the Squire called you."

"Rivers—Heritage Rivers."

"Heritage Rivers," he echoed musingly. "It is an uncommon name; but I fancy I have heard it before."

"Oh, please don't say so, Mr. Hope. I did think I had one original thing to boast of—my name. How would you like, after looking upon all your plots as original, to find them but plagiarisms?"

He laughed.

"Many are, I fear. But you are trespassing on forbidden ground. Let us seek fresh pastures."

We did so. We talked all dinner-time. I think we talked about everything under the sun—talked, moreover, almost like old friends. When he differed from my opinions he told me in well-chosen words why he differed. And as he spoke I whispered ever and anon to myself: "Raw and awkward—a decent sort of a woman." Yet now Mr. Hope was condescending enough not only to listen attentively to my words, but to reply to them as if they had weight with him. All this was very delightful. The first steps to revenge were smooth and

pleasant ones; for there is no need to say that I hated him as much and felt as vindictive as ever.

He was walking straight to his fate. I felt it, when, just before Mrs. Lighton gave the signal for departure, he dropped his voice almost to a whisper, and was good enough to say that, to him, the peculiar charm of this particular dinner was that such an agreeable interchange of ideas would not be ended with the night, but might be resumed to-morrow. Coming as it did from such a famous person, I could only glance my thanks, blush and look pleased at the compliment.

When, with the rest of my sex, I rose and walked to the door, I knew that his eyes were following me; and I knew also that, although clever, captious, critical those eyes might be, they could find little fault with my bearing or general demeanor.

At Blaize House it was understood that the gentlemen, especially the younger ones, were not allowed to linger over the wine. When they entered the drawing-room I was sitting, almost hidden from sight, in a recess near the window. I noticed that Mr. Hope, as he came through the door, looked round, as if in search of someone; and as, when at last he discovered my retreat, his search seemed at an end, I could only think the some one was myself. However, we had little more to say to each other this evening. All the children of the house were his friends, and had many questions to ask him. We had music and singing as usual; but I made some conventional excuse, and did not take my share in them. Before we parted for the night, Vincent Hope came to my side.

"Surely you sing, Miss Rivers?" he said.

"A little, but I am not in the mood to sing to-night."

He pressed me to make the attempt, but I refused. Thinking I had done quite enough for the first evening, I kept my voice in reserve. But I talked to him for a short time about music, and found him well versed in the art, and, of course, an unsparing critic. He was very hard on the ordinary drawing-room playing and singing, and by no means complimentary to the performers of the evening. I laughed, and told him how thankful I felt that something had warned me not to show my poor skill to such an able but severe judge. My words led him to believe that my talent for music was a very third-rate one. This was exactly what I wished him to think.

He was soon drawn away from my side, and he spoke no more until the general good-night took place, and the men went off to the billiard-room, and my own sex to their couches. Once more I courtesied to Miss Rivers in the cheval-glass, and told her she had surpassed my most sanguine expectation. Then, in a very happy frame of mind, I went to bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Steps in Life.

Life may be considered as a succession of steps. We are of no particular account until we learn to step, for up to that time we simply belong to that humble species of vegetable life known as creepers.

We usually signalize our first success in stepping by falling down the first pair of steps we are able to reach. Growing older, our parents cause us to step off in the direction of school, and if we hang back they take steps to make us go. Then there is the dancing school, where we learn other steps calculated to give us ease and grace.

Boyhood over, we step into a situation if we can, and learn business or a profession by slow and successive steps. As others step down and out we step ahead, if we don't fall behind, for men can take steps backward as well as forward. Backward steps are very costly, as many discover.

The most important step we take is near the steps of the altar, when we step up in front of the minister to be married, since all our future steps may depend on this one. The remark applies to both parties to the contract, let us observe. Once started on the connubial highway the most of us are compelled to step pretty lively to keep up with the procession. In time there are other steps to mind besides our own, and missteps to guard against.

As the years wear on our steps lose their wonted elasticity and wax slower, and the inevitable hour arrives finally when we must step out and let others step in our shoes. There are grounds for believing that the more correct our steps are here the more agreeable they will be on the other shore.—*Texas Siftings*.

A Valuable Deposit.

Hotel Clerk—No, sir, we can't accommodate you. You have neither baggage nor money.

"I know I haven't, but I came to town in a freight car, and there is considerable coal dust in my hair."

"Well, comb it out carefully, and that will do."—*Nebraska State Journal*.

No Occasion for Alarm.

Brown (to Robinson)—Let us cross the street. I see Smith coming, and I don't want to meet him. I owe him a little money.

Robinson—You're all right. He'll cross the street as soon as he sees us. He owes me money.—*Puck*.

KEEPER (to countryman, looking at the animals)—Do you observe, sir, how restless the leopard is, and how ceaselessly he changes his position from one spot to another? Countryman—Yes, but gosh, mister, I've allers heard that a leopard couldn't change his spots.—*Epo. h.*

WASHINGTON Lady (showing visitor the sights)—That gentleman who just sat down is an old member. The one now speaking is a neophyte. Mrs. Allwool—You don't say! Well, now, he don't look a bit like a pugilist!—*Tid-Bits*.

In these days of reform it is strange that nobody has suggested that juries should furnish their own food. Certainly a panel should be able to supply its own board.—*Boston Transcript*.

THERE is always a hitch in the teamster's business.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Lindley Murray.

He was born in 1745, at Swetara, Pa., the eldest of the twelve children of a prosperous Quaker, who was at once a miller, a ship owner, and a merchant. Early in life Lindley developed a wild and unmanageable temperament, and when little more than an infant clambered out on the roof and refused to return until guaranteed against punishment. At school he was smart and intelligent rather than diligent and industrious. He had no disinclination to study in itself, but the acquisition of knowledge interfered with amusement, and he often played truant. Boy-like, he had a fondness for teasing animals, though without any cruel intention, and this propensity remained with him until, in matured years, he was cured of it by the following occurrence: Being in London in 1771, he went to see some elephants kept in the royal stables at Buckingham palace, and while there managed to abstract some of the food placed before one of them; some weeks after he paid a second visit, having forgotten all about the matter; but the elephant's memory was more retentive, and he aimed with his trunk a furious blow at the future grammarian, which the latter with great difficulty avoided.

He acquired a beautiful house on the Hudson, a few miles from the city, and was looking forward to a future of happy ease, close to his friends, freed from business anxieties, and furnished with occupation and amusement by his gun, his garden, and his boat. Such dreams, however, he was never permitted to realize. His health began to decline and his limbs to lose their power. The air at his riverside "paradise" did not agree with him; medical springs and country resorts proved equally inefficacious, and finally his doctors declared that his best prospect of health lay in a residence in England, recommending the air of Yorkshire as the most suitable to his constitution.

Accordingly, in the year 1784 he left America, and after some time spent in looking out for a suitable house he finally fixed himself at Holdgate, within a mile of York, from which he never afterward removed. His bodily health was fairly good, but his power of motion grew weaker and weaker, and before long entirely failed. Confined thus to the house, principally to a single room, he naturally turned to study, and at length to authorship as a resource, and in 1787 he produced his finest book. This was a series of sketches intended to show the power of religion over the mind, especially in time of misfortune or at the approach of death, and was illustrated by examples ranging from Socrates, Confucius and St. Paul to Richelieu, Caesar, Borgia and Dr. Doddridge. This he published anonymously and distributed it gratuitously among his neighbors; but the book thus modestly introduced became very popular, and eventually ran through eighteen editions.

For his grammar, abridgement, exercises and key he obtained £800; for his reader, introduction and sequel, £750; for his French books, £700, and for his spelling-book and primer, £500. He at one time contemplated a kind of expurgated edition of the poets; but, happily, perhaps, for his reputation, never attempted to carry it into effect. His means being sufficient for his simple mode of life, and having no family, he devoted all his literary income to charitable and benevolent objects. He furnished a brief autobiographical sketch in a series of letters, which comprise the history of his life down to 1809, and this forms the basis of the volume of memoirs published after his death.—*All the Year Round*.

Gen. Harney's Dignity.

The following story is told of Gen. Harney, when he was in command at Camp Verde, Texas. He was an intensely dignified officer, and if there was one thing he detested more than another it was undignified haste. One evening, just as he was about to hold dress parade, he perceived that he had forgotten his handkerchief, and as the weather was very hot, he said to his orderly:

"Go to my quarters, quick, and bring my handkerchief."

The orderly touched his cap and started for the quarters, several hundred yards distant. After he had proceeded a short distance, remembering that there was no time to lose, he broke into a trot.

"See that d—d scoundrel running as if the Indians were after him. If there is anything I hate it is to see a soldier running instead of marching properly. Here, my man," continued Harney to another soldier, go after that man and tell him to walk, d—n him!"

The second soldier started after the first, but as the first one kept on running, the second one saw his only chance to deliver the message was to hurry up, so he, too, broke into a run. To say that Harney swore is to use a mild expression.

"Here, Sergeant, go after that man and tell him if he don't stop running I'll hang him up by the thumbs."

The Sergeant started out on a brisk walk, but as his predecessor had a good start, he, too, began to run as hard as he could.

"If all the three scoundrels ain't running like jack rabbits!" ejaculated Harney. "I'll show 'em," and tucking his sword under his arm, he started in pursuit as fast as he could run, but suddenly remembering his dignity, he came to a halt and walked stilly back to the place where the dress parade was to come off.—*Texas Siftings*.

It is safe to assume that the man who made a bolt for the door did not do so with the intention of fastening himself in.

TWO THOUSAND A YEAR

UNCLE SAM WILL PAY THE WIDOWS
OF LOGAN AND BLAIR.

Passage of the Bills by the House After
an Effective Plea from Bourke Cochran
—Synopsis of the Majority Report on
Mills' Tariff Bill—The Minority State-
ment Nearly Ready.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 31.—The debate
on the pension bills in favor of Mrs. Gen.
Logan and Mrs. Gen. Blair in the house Fri-
day was extended and spirited, the principal



speech being made in
favor of them by
Bourke Cochran, of
New York. The dis-
cussion was opened by
Gallinger, who made a
short and forcible
speech in favor of the
Logan bill, and War-
ren of Missouri fol-
lowed in a touching
tribute to both Logan
and Blair, dwelling at
length upon the record
of the latter.

Tarsney was the first
to oppose the bills. He
produced statistics to
show that the Demo-
cratic party was not
opposed, as alleged, to
the granting of pen-
sions, but was opposed to granting a pension
to the widow of a man who died, not in the
military service, but in the field of political
and civil life. Until the cases of the 500,000
applicants for pensions pending before the
department—cases of private soldiers—are
considered, he could not vote for a bill to
pension an officer whose record was as much
that of a statesman and politician as a soldier.

Hatch of Missouri said there were widows
of other brave and gallant officers who re-
ceived a pension of only \$50 a month; and he
saw no reason why the widows of Gens. Lo-
gan and Blair should be taken out of that
class and their pensions raised to \$2,000 a
year, when the average income of the people
of Missouri, who would pay a portion of it,
was less than one-half that sum.

Matson of Indiana said that the passage of
these bills meant the immediate establishment
of an aristocratic class in this country. If
these should become laws it would not be one
year until all the widows of general officers
would ask to be pensioned at the same sum.

Therefore, he was opposed to them, because
he knew that the pensions would not go round
at that sum. At the rate of \$2,000 a year to
the widows of general officers the money
would not go round, limitless as it was sup-
posed to be by some gentlemen. What reason
was there for giving these good women more
than the widows of Canby, and Meade, and
Phil Kearney, and Stannard? The gentlemen
who voted for these bills voted in direct
violation of the principle of equal rights
to all.

Cochran of New York said that the opo-
nents of the two pending measures had
conceded generously and fairly the distin-
guished services of Generals Logan and
Blair. But one objection had been urged,
and that was that legislation of this charac-
ter was legislation in favor of a class. If
there were foundation for this objection he
conceded that it would be decisive of the
fate of these measures. But it seemed to him
to be a fallacy that was self-evident. It was said
that this legislation was in favor of a class
when it was avowedly based upon the illus-
trious services of individuals. Class legisla-
tion was devised for a set of individuals
based on some reason extraneous from their
own merits; but legislation which recognized
individual services was legislation directly
opposed to that which was usually denomi-
nated class legislation. When the illustrious
services of these two men had been conceded,
when the character of the deeds they wrought
had been confessed, the argument was sup-
plied which imposed upon the house the duty
of providing for those whom they left help-
less.

It has been said also that the widows and
orphans of private soldiers were not properly
provided for. If that were true it was an
argument for increasing their pensions, but
it was no argument against the enactment of
measures of this character. When gentlemen
reflected upon the peculiar character of the
services rendered by the leaders of the Union
army during the late rebellion, they were
confronted by a historical record that was not
presented by the pages of the world's
history which were devoted to recording the
experiences of other nations. That was not
a conflict to repel invasion. It was not a
battle cry calling men to arms to resist the
invasion of a foreign foe, but
brethren were called to arms against
brethren. It was a civil strife where
the men who went into the field not only
perilled their lives and health, but pledged
upon the result of the contest their whole fu-
ture prospects. Suppose those who followed
the Confederate flag had triumphed. Who
could tell what would have been the fate of
general officers of the Union? Who could
tell how passion, fanned by years of re-
sistance might have doomed them to outlaw-
ry, to exclusion from all political privileges.

Oates of Alabama inquired what warrant
the gentleman had for that statement.

Cochran replied that he was only assuming
a hypothetical case—placing before the house
what might be the outcome of any civil
strife. He was far from saying that gentle-
men who sat here and who had borne arms
in the Confederate service, or that the Confed-
eracy itself, would ever actually have done
what he had portrayed as the possible result
of any civil war. He had merely been re-
ferring to the risk which every soldier took.
If congress established a rule that the
widows of men like Logan and Blair were
not to be considered the wards of the nation
it would discourage the display of patriotic
devotion if an occasion should again arise
when the country needed brave soldiers,
skillful officers and undoubted patriots. [Ap-
plause.]

THE REPORT LEAKED OUT.

Points of the Statement of the Majority
on the Mills Bill.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 31.—Although
the Mills tariff bill will not be reported from
the committee on ways and means to the
house before Monday, and the statement of
the majority is under an injunction of secrecy

in the hands of the committee, its contents
are well and definitely known here. The ma-
jority report is of great length, and is largely
composed of an argument in favor of free
wool and tabular statements compiled by the
treasury department in support of the statisti-
cal assertions which the majority make.
The report begins with the statement that
the surplus accumulation in the treasury last
year was \$54,500,000, and that the estimated
surplus of this year is \$81,000,000. With re-
ceipts growing larger and expenditures
smaller it is feared that the accumulation of
money in the treasury will work great injury
to business and bankrupt the people if con-
gress does not take some action to reduce the
revenue.

One way of making this reduction is to re-
duce taxation to the level of expenditures,

and leave in the pockets of the people all
money needed for public purposes; another
way is to raise the expenditures to the height
of taxation. The latter course the majority
of the committee deem unwise. Attention is
called to past eras when reckless appropri-
ations were made. The committee say they
have determined to recommend a reduction
of the revenues from both customs and in-
ternal taxation, and have carefully kept in
view the interests of the manufacturer, the
laborer, the producer and consumer. The
imperfection of the bill offered is recognized,
but it is recommended as the best that could
be agreed upon. Our capacity to produce, it
is stated, is far in excess of the requirements
of our home consumption, and as a conse-
quence many of our mills are closed and
many of those still in operation are running
on short time.

This vicious condition of business could
not exist with low duties on imports. Pro-
hibitory tariff surrounds the country with
lines of investment and prevents all life from
without, while trusts, combinations, and
pools plunder the people within. The inter-
ests of the laboring man in the
proposed reductions in the tariff are
pointed out in detail. The consumption
of raw materials which it is pro-
posed to admit free duty form the text of the
argument for relief. More extensive markets
for the sale of our products and active com-
petition in business is pointed out as the rem-
edy for the bad condition of the manufactures
of the country. With the markets of the
world open to us our manufacturers may run
their mills on full time, giving constant em-
ployment to their laborers, with a steadily in-
creasing rate of wages. Elaborate statistics
are produced to make strong these points.

An earnest argument is submitted in sup-
port of the transfer of dutiable articles to the
free list, the revenues upon which now
amount annually to over \$22,000,000. The
largest reduction by the free list is in the
woolen schedule. The majority think there
is no greater need for a duty on wool than
there is for a duty on any other raw material;
that the duty on wool makes it necessary to
impose a higher duty upon all goods made
from wool, and the consumer has to pay a
double taxation; that they leave wool un-
taxed, so that the consumer has only to pay
taxes on manufactured goods. The recom-
mendations of the wool growers and the wool
manufacturers' associations are regarded by
the majority as proposing a duty high enough
to keep out all manufactures of wool. The
change to ad valorem from specific duties
made in the bill is strongly supported by
figures.

Representative McKinley, who is writing
the minority report on the Mills tariff bill,
was asked by a representative of the United
Press Friday afternoon what course the
minority would take in view of the prema-
ture publication of the majority report. He
replied: "We will strictly adhere to the
pledge made at the last meeting of the full
committee that there should be no publica-
tion of the matter contained in the reports
until they were laid before the committee at
its meeting on Monday next. The premature
publication of the majority report is a satis-
faction to us; nevertheless it affords us no ex-
cuse to break the pledge the two factions of
the committee mutually entered into. I have
almost completed the minority report, which
will be as long if not of greater length than
the majority report."

Days Work in the House.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 31.—The house
refused, Friday, to agree to the senate
amendments to the bill to establish recip-
rocal commercial relations between the United
States and the South American nations, and
a conference committee was appointed. The
Mrs. Logan and Blair pension bills then came
up, and after a long debate in which Tars-
ney, Taubee, Hatch, and Matson opposed,
and Dockery and Cochran advocated their
passage, they were both passed. Mrs. Logan's
bill by a vote of 154 to 95, and Mrs. Blair's
bill by 148 to 91. The opposition was based on
the ground that such measures set up a class
of favored ones, and that there were many
generals widows who deserved such pensions
—so many that if they were granted the
money would not go around. A recess to
7:30 was taken, at which hour private pension
bills were taken up, and twenty-four passed.

The following Democrats voted in favor of
the Logan pension bill: Anderson of Illinois,
Biggs, Bliss, T. J. Campbell of New York,
Chipman, Clardy, Cochran, Crain, Dockery,
Foran, Ford, Gay, Glover, Hayes, Hooker,
Howard, Hudd, Lagan, Lane, Lawler, Mac-
Donald, Mahoney, Mansur, McAdoo, Mc-
Shane, Merriman, Outhwaite, Randall, Ray-
ner, Rice, Sowder, Springer, Townsend,
Vance, Weaver, Wilkinson and Yoder.
Cheadle, Flood and Wade, Republicans, voted
in the negative.

Extending the Classified Service.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 31.—The presi-
dent has written a letter to the civil service
commission suggesting that the classified de-
partment service be extended both above and
below so as to practically embrace within the
civil service all employees not appointed by
the president. The extension will include on
the top all government clerks wherever em-
ployed who are not subject to presidential
appointment, and will include messengers,
watchmen, copyists, etc., and every one in
the department service except laborers. Dis-
bursing officers, custodians, chiefs of divi-
sion and private secretaries are exempt from
competitive examination. The president
cautions the commission not to allow promo-
tions from the unclassified into the classified
service.

Cost of Repealing the Limitation.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 31.—The house
committee on invalid pensions Friday ap-
pointed a sub-committee to consider the vari-
ous pending bills looking to the repeal of the
limitation clause in the arrears of pension

act. General Black, commission of pen-
sions, has estimated that it will take from
two to three hundred millions of dollars to
pay claims for arrears of pensions should the
limitation be repealed.

Expediting the Mexican Mail.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 31.—An order
was issued by the postmaster general Friday
which will expedite mail from New York
city to the City of Mexico from twenty-four
to thirty hours. The mail matter which has
heretofore been sent to Mexico via El Paso
will by the new order be sent via Eagle Pass.
The time will now be from New York to the
City of Mexico six and a half days.

Three Children Burned to Death.

MACON, Mo., March 31.—Friday afternoon
while T. S. Richardson and his wife were
away from home their four children were
playing in an old rail pen covered with straw,
and one of them struck a match and set fire
to the straw. The eldest escaped unhurt, but
the three younger ones perished, nothing but
their ashes being found. The mother fainted
on hearing the news, and the physicians say
she will lose her mind.

Donner Didn't Do It.

DULUTH, Minn., March 31.—J. P. Donner,
of Ashland, heavy-weight, and Charles
Gleason, light-weight, of Minneapolis, met
here Friday night, Donner to knock out
Gleason in six rounds, Marquis of Queens-
bury, for \$150 and division of gate money.
Donner didn't do it, and the match was
awarded to Gleason. It was a rattling little
match.

THE DEAD AT RICH HILL.

NOT AS NUMEROUS AS THE FIRST
REPORTS STATED,

But They Will Probably Number Over
Twenty—Names of Injured and Recov-
ered Dead—The Cause of the Disaster
Not Yet Known—Terrible Havoc by Fire
and Flood in Europe.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 31.—Although
the first reports from the Rich Hill coal mine
horror were greatly exaggerated, still the
disaster was a terrible one and brought sud-
den and awful death to twenty men. Super-
intendent Sweeney was not killed, but badly
burned. On account of the fire in the mine
the work of rescue was delayed for many
hours. The voices of the imprisoned men
could be heard, but they grew fainter, and
by 9 o'clock ceased altogether. At 4:30 a. m.
Friday five had been taken out dead and fif-
teen alive. Most of the latter have suffered
intensely from the fire and suffocation, and
their recovery is very doubtful.

The dead are: Charles Smith, George M.
May, C. McPherson, Frank Toller, Jordan
Smith. The injured are: Joshua Strickie,
C. J. Neptune, William Taylor, C. F. Young,
R. Mason, Frank Jackson, W. Richards, J.
L. Williams, R. Fernando, John Roberts,
C. W. Roberts, Arch Marshall, John Lucas,
D. C. Jones.

Frank Carr, the foreman of the mine, was
in at the time of the explosion, but was not
injured. Fifteen now remain in the mine,
being in the west end, and it is believed that
most of them will be taken out dead. The
work proceeds very slowly, being attended
with great danger.

R. H. Keith, president of the Keith & Per-
ry company, arrived at the mine at 2 o'clock
Friday morning.

"It will be impossible for me to tell," said
he to a reporter, "what was the cause of the
disaster, although, of course, we have our
surmises, but nothing definite can be known
until the fire is put out and we can get in and
make an examination. The state inspector
of mines went through the mine two weeks
ago and made a report pronouncing it in
splendid condition. He published a card to
that effect. Apparently there was no gas in
the mine at that time. It may be that the
miners struck a vein of gas, but as to that we
can not say until we get into the mine. The
mine was well ventilated and nothing was
lacking in any particular to make everything
safe and perfect."

Mine No. 6, in which the explosions occur-
red, was a new mine, and had not yet been
fully developed. The shaft was sunk last
summer, and the mining of coal began Sept.
1. It has been a very productive mine, hav-
ing yielded 500 tons of coal a day. The value
of the mine is estimated at \$50,000. It has
employed an average of about 115 men, and is
located one quarter of a mile from the com-
pany's next nearest mines. For the last two
months the mine has been operated at its full
capacity with the same number of men and
with the same ventilation as at the same time
the explosions occurred, and there have been no
casualties of any kind. Mr. McKay says
that although he did not think there was
more than 2 per cent. of gas in the mine
when he inspected it, and it existed principally
in smoke, yet there was sufficient to
cause an explosion under certain conditions.
In case of a large amount of powder being
discharged at the same time the gas might
have become ignited, thus causing the terrific
explosion.

Devastation by Fire and Flood.

VIENNA, March 31.—One woman and five
children perished in the fire which devastated
Kakinnda, Hungary, Thursday. All of the
public buildings, 100 stores and dwellings
were burned at Skole, Austria, Friday. Sev-
eral lives were lost, and 600 persons rendered
homeless by fire in Sereth, Hungary. The
overflow of the river Save has destroyed many
villages in Roumania and Hungary. Baron
Arnold May was drowned while as-
sisting to rescue the inhabitants of Tiszaloka.

VIENNA, March 31.—Thirty-three villages
were burned Friday near Carlsbad, Croatia.

An Unknown Woman Suicides.

NEW YORK, March 31.—A well-dressed
lady of attractive appearance, about
35 years old, giving her name as Miss Bull,
committed suicide Thursday night in a room
at Armand's hotel, 49 West Twenty-fourth
street, by turning the gas on and stopping up
all the door and window cracks. She was
apparently a consumptive. She left a letter
addressed "Mrs. Moreland, 31 Monroe street,
Mobile, Ala.," also a number of scraps of
poetry of a religious tone, and in which fre-
quent references are made to a convent and
nuns, indicating that deceased had been at
some time a Roman Catholic devotee. A let-
ter was also found in which reference is made
to menial work as having worn the writer
out and aggravated her illness.

PLAIN TALK FROM WOMEN.

A Sensational Day in the Council—Queen
Victoria Not Popular.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 31.—Social puri-
ty—or impurity—was the principal subject
of discussion in the National Women's coun-
cil Friday, and the discussion had the merit,
or demerit, of exceedingly plain talk. So
plain was it that if the debate
should be printed in book
form and Anthony Comstock
did not make war on the sale
of the books, it would be hard
for him to justify his action
in other cases. The speakers
who let the light of their elo-
quence shine upon this dark
subject were Mrs. Lisle-Saxon,
Mrs. SEWELL, of Tennessee; Anna Rice-Pow-
ell, of New York; Mrs. Ormiston Chant, of
England, and Clara Claghorne Hoffman.



The speakers all drew graphic pictures of the
evils of lust, and charged that the "slavery
of woman" was responsible, and that no im-
provement could be hoped for until marriage
was regarded as a perfect partnership with
woman as an equal partner. One feature of
the speeches was the claim that the evils re-
ferred to were as severely felt in the marriage
relation as in any other relation.

During the pause between the close of one
speaker's address, and the beginning of an-
other's, Miss Anthony gave out various
notices and made a motion
to send cablegrams to a num-
ber of notable women in the
work of woman's advance-
ment. Mrs. May Wright
Sewell made a motion to add
Queen Victoria's name to the
number, saying that what-
ever our individual opinion

of her might be as a queen, F. E. WILLARD,
we honored her in the relations of wife and
mother. When the question was put to an
aye and nay voice a considerable number
shouted: "No."

Miss Althoff then said that the matter of
the cablegrams and all things of that sort
would have to be referred officially to the
delegates of the council before being acted
on, but that the idea at this time was merely
to get an expression of opinion from the
audience. She accordingly put the motion
before the audience again in that light, and
the objectionable "No's" were withdrawn.

A motion was then made and enthusiastically
carried to add the name of the empress
of Germany to the list as being a sympathizer
and leader in all womanly advancements.

Frances Willard then delivered an address
on dress reform, in which she denounced "full
dress" as half nudity.

The evening session was devoted to ad-
dresses on the political condition of women.
Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker delivered a
long address on the constitutional right of
women to vote, insisting that the words
"posterity" and "people" as used in that in-
strument included women as well as men, and
that women as well as men were citizens un-
der the fourteenth amendment. In closing
her address she appealed to men to remove
the barriers of unjust and unconstitutional
legislation that stood in the way of the ex-
ercise of the right to vote by women, and ap-
pealed to women to claim, and wherever they
were able to exercise, the right.

Mrs. Ellen Foster, of Iowa; Mrs. Martha
A. Everett, of Boston; Mrs. Laura M. Johns,
of Kansas, and others delivered short ad-
dresses on women in politics.

The president and Mrs. Cleveland gave a
reception during the afternoon to the dele-
gates, as well as to all women connected with
the council, either as visitors or individual
members. It was a reception for ladies only,
but about forty of the sterner sex had the
temerity to intrude themselves into the
White House.

Iowa Legislature.

DES MOINES, Ia., March 31.—The house
Friday sent the senate school book bill to the
school committee. Bills were passed to pre-
vent stock-watering and to allow change of
venue in criminal cases. The proposition to
revise the constitution was reported adversely
upon. The remainder of the day was spent
in discussion of the bill to compe fire insur-
ance companies to pay full amount of policy
in case of loss. No action was taken. The
senate Republicans are not agreed on the
pharmacy bill, and that measure was post-
poned until Monday.

Damp Reception to a Reporter.

NEW YORK, March 31.—A man who said
he was a World reporter went to the house of
Jacob Sharp, on Twenty-third street, about
2 o'clock one morning this week to see if
Sharp was dead. A second-story window
was raised and a voice asked what was
wanted. When told that The World must
know how the bodder was, the reporter was
told to wait a minute. "Just step out a little
way, please, so I can see you," said the voice.
The reporter obeyed and down came the con-
tents of a pitcher of water on his head.

He Watched the Crowds Pass By.

NEW YORK, March 31.—The will of Joshua
Jones, who never engaged in business, and
spent most of his life sitting in a window of
the New York hotel watching the busy
crowds go by, disposes of a fortune of nearly
\$7,000,000, principally city real estate, of
which one piece alone, bought by his father
in 1806 for \$400, is now worth over \$1,500,000.
The property is bequeathed in small portions
to a large number of distant relatives, the
testator having no near kindred.

A Great Greek Thief Arrested.

PARIS, March 31.—A Greek named Rappo-
porilos was arrested here Friday in con-
nection with the robbery of the Numismatic
museum at Athens, of medals and coins valued
at 30,000,000 francs. Coins stolen from Paris
numismatists were found in the prisoner's
house.

The Rising Waters in Germany.

BERLIN, March 31.—By the overflowing of
the Ilmenau half of the town of Luneburg is
inundated and fifty villages are completely
submerged. Eight persons were drowned in
their houses and 900 have been rendered
homeless. The Elbe is again rising.

Fatally Wounded His Mother-in-Law.

NEW YORK, March 31.—Chris Riordan, a
butcher, while drunk Friday, shot and prob-
ably fatally wounded Mrs. Downing, his
mother-in-law, with whom his wife had taken
refuge, after leaving him on account of
his neglect and cruelty.

See The Maynard

STEEL - SOCKET - SHOVELS

—AND—

SPADES

—AT—

ALEXANDER & HOWELL'S

They Are The Best.

{KILT SUITS}

—FOR—

CHILDREN

Sizes from three years to six years.

VERY HANDSOME

—AND—

VERY : S:T:Y:L:I:S:H

—AT—

JAS. H. TODD

8 PER CENT INTEREST.

Secured by First

Mortgage on Farms

Worth from Two to Three Times the
amount loaned.

In amounts from \$400 to \$1500,
On Five Year's Time,
Interest paid Annually.

Free from any expense, at either Banks in Dixon.
These Farms are in Cedar County, Nebraska,
about 65 Miles West of Sioux City.

Dixon, Mo., 14, '88. A. S. DIMICK.

KIRK'S

WHITE CLOUD



FLOATING SOAP

—IS—
THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap,
send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,

CHICAGO.

THE FARMERS'
PAINTS

COIT & CO'S
HOUSE
FLOOR
BUGGY
AND BARN PAINTS

Honest-made, durable, and worthy of pre-
ference over all others. Endorsed by practical
painters. It is to your advantage to try our
Paints. COIT & CO., Chicago, Mfrs.

A STATE OF SIEGE.

ABOUT THE RAILWAY SITUATION ON THE CHICAGO LINES.

All the Roads Afraid to Take Burlington Freight Because of the Boycott—The Coupling Pin Still Flying—Incendiarism Charged at Aurora—Powderly Expresses Himself—The St. Paul Tied Up.

CHICAGO, March 31.—At a mass meeting of the engineers, firemen, switchmen, and brakemen of the Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad Friday night at 763 West Lake street it was unanimously agreed on a general tie-up over the whole system, to take effect at midnight. It was decided that only the fast-mail train should be taken out.

There were present at the meeting beside the Milwaukee & St. Paul employees many members of the three brotherhoods from the Burlington, Pan-Handle, Lake Shore and Fort Wayne roads. The attendance was very large, and not less than 700 gathered in the hall.

CHICAGO, March 31.—The railway situation here now is one of expectancy. All the roads are on the qui vive for strikes in pursuance of the apparent determination of the switchmen to force a "boycott" against the Burlington, and very little or no Burlington freight is being handled by any other road. The St. Paul is tied up here and all along the line there is a feeling of oppression, yet the yards here are doing a large amount of business and the strike would not be noticed by a novice in railroading. The passenger service is going ahead as usual.

Two or three cowardly outrages were perpetrated against the Burlington engineers Friday, and the victims came off with bruises and gashes made by coupling pins, but no arrests were made. The St. Paul switchmen remained out, and matters in that strike were stationary, the officials not being ready to take measures to replace the strikers. The situation of tension is extremely aggravating to shippers. The "Q" people say they will not give the fight up if everybody on the road strikes but the general passenger agent; that they have a right to run their road with any men they choose to employ and that it is a strange thing that in a free country there should be any question about it. They charge that their building at Aurora was set on fire by the strikers to burn out their engineers, who were quartered in the building because it is not safe for the men to go out in town—another comment on the freedom that obtains just now in the United States.

The fact is that the companies are afraid to take Burlington freight because they fear a strike, and in the St. Paul case because they fear a riot. All the "Q" trains that pass through yards manned by the union switchmen are guarded by special police, but there are not enough of them to prevent the throwing of coupling pins and the uncoupling of cars. The "Q" road has enough new switchmen to more than replace those who struck, and is ready to resume business, but is prevented by the facts stated above. Over 100 new men came in Thursday night, and Friday morning the Briggs house, where they had been quartered, was the scene of a little breeze when the strikers went there to talk to the new men. The talk waxed so warm that a fight was imminent and pistols were drawn, but the strikers were finally thrown out. The police are on duty in force at exposed points, the specials have been largely increased in number, and the new engineers and switchmen have been around.

Unless the St. Paul strikers go back shortly a general strike on the St. Paul system will result, and the boycott has already extended to that road, pending the adjustment of the matter. The engineers who run from here to Savannah live, for the most part, in Chicago, and they left their engines in the round-house Friday morning, and came home on passenger trains. The Milwaukee engineers abandoned their engines at that point.

Chief Arthur left for his home in Cleveland Friday evening, where he will attend to some private business and convene the general executive board of the brotherhood for the purpose of considering the situation.

A resolution was adopted by the advisory board of the brotherhood Friday expressing unlimited and implicit confidence in Chief Arthur, thus disposing of the reports that there was dissatisfaction in regard to the chief's conduct of affairs.

POWDERLY'S LAST CALL.

An Affirmative Response from Philadelphia—His View of Strikers.

SCRANTON, Pa., March 31.—The first answer to Powderly's manifesto in favor of the educational plan recommended by the general master workman in his special call has been received by him from Printers' assembly 3879, of Philadelphia, and is as follows:

Local assembly 3879, printers, is first in the field in response to your special call and don't forget it. To your first, second, third, and fourth questions local assembly 3879 answers with an emphatic "Yes." God hasten the new era of education.

When questioned as to his opposition to strikes, Powderly said: "I am not opposed to strikes, and would not say that men should not strike, but I would prevent the possibility of hasty, ill-advised strikes, and would not have over one at a time. Strikes are like fevers, and very contagious. When a dozen spring up at once they must fail. An order to strike is a declaration of war, and when I order a strike I do not wish to array my troops empty-handed in front of a trained army with plenty of ammunition, rations and reinforcements. We have had too many such wars lately, and having failed, it is time to give the real objects of the order a chance. I am satisfied that the response to my circular will be in favor of the educational feature by an overwhelming majority. If the members who do not speak from public platforms or through the press must pay the assessments and expenses of this order, it is only fair that they should be allowed an opportunity of expressing their views on the question which I submit."

Ex-Governor Alger at Home.

DETROIT, Mich., March 31.—Ex-Governor Alger arrived home from California Friday night. He was met at the depot by the Alger club 1,000 strong, three bands, the light-guards, employees of the Peninsular Car company and about 100 newsboys. After being

escorted to his home he was welcomed in a speech by Allen Frazer, president of the club, and shook hands with about 2,000 citizens. The demonstration is part of the Alger boom for president.

Colored Illinois Republicans.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., March 31.—A call has been issued for a state convention of colored Republican clubs in this city April 30, 1888, to discuss "matters of vital importance to the colored race."

A Photograph for Chamberlain.

LONDON, March 31.—The queen has presented to Chamberlain, in recognition of his services in concluding the Canadian fisheries treaty, a photograph of herself bearing her autograph.

Life and Death in a Cemetery.

PHILADELPHIA, March 31.—An unknown white woman, about 35 years of age, was found dead leaning against a tombstone in the Cathedral cemetery at noon Friday. The cause of her death was child-birth; the infant was also found lying dead at her feet. The body is that of a person of dark complexion, with brown hair. She was dressed in a well-worn calico dress, black jersey and gingham apron and button gaiters, while around her shoulders was a red and black plaid shawl. Two of the woman's teeth project in front from the upper jaw. There is no clue to her identity. The body was removed to the morgue to await identification.

What the Cattle Men Yearn for.

DENVER, March 31.—The International Range association has adopted resolutions asking congress to provide a sea channel at some point on the Texas coast; demanding that railroads give members the benefit of the latest improved stock cars, and a reduction of rates corresponding to the decline in prices; requesting range men to patronize the road which first accedes to these demands, and urging a removal of duties on cattle and beaves imported from Mexico.

Mysterious Murder of a Woman.

NATRONA, Pa., March 31.—At an early hour Friday morning Miss Hannah Forester, aged 20, while lying in her bed was fatally shot. The occurrence is surrounded with mystery. The report of a gun was heard near the house, and at the same instant a bullet passed through the glass in the window, striking the girl in the forehead. Search was made, but no clue has been discovered. The lady had no known enemies.

Increase of the Anthracite Output.

SCRANTON, Pa., March 31.—Mine Inspector Blewitt, of the first anthracite coal district, has just issued his annual report, which shows that the total number of tons of coal mined last year in the district was 8,527,405, an increase over the previous year of 1,415,160 tons.

Curious and Fatal Shooting Accident.

BOSTON, March 31.—John C. Gray, a butcher at the Brighton abattoir, accidentally shot and killed a butcher named John O'Hara Friday, the ball glancing from the forehead of a steer which Gray shot at and striking O'Hara in the head.

A Sash, Door and Blind Combination.

BOSTON, Mass., March 31.—The Commercial Bulletin says that a combination was made here Wednesday of the large manufacturers of doors, sash and blinds in New York, New England, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, covering about 75 per cent. of the total output in those districts, the object being a 10 per cent. advance in prices and regulation of production. A western combination of the same kind has been in operation about a year.

Gave Him Two Weeks More in Jail.

DUBLIN, March 31.—James Gilhooly, member of parliament for West Cork, who was recently sentenced to two months' imprisonment, but released on bail pending his appeal, was sentenced to two weeks' additional imprisonment Friday for assaulting Police Inspector Hayes at Schull, County Cork.

WARLIKE BRITISH COLUMBIANS.

They Threaten to Try Conclusions with United States Revenue Cutters.

OTTAWA, Can., March 31.—Considerable anxiety is felt here over the belligerent attitude of British Columbia fishermen, who are arming themselves and preparing to resist any attempt at seizure by the American authorities in Behring sea. The cabinet has considered the matter on two or three occasions. Lord Lansdowne, governor general, wired the lieutenant governor of British Columbia on Thursday, suggesting to his government the advisability of issuing a public notice cautioning persons going on sealing expeditions to refrain from asserting their rights by force and from taking on boards arms and ammunition in excess of their usual requirements. There is a general impression in well informed circles here that the United States will succeed in staving off a settlement until after the presidential election. Negotiations, as announced in the senate the other day, have not materially advanced beyond the stage they reached eight months ago. British Columbia members of parliament have represented to the Dominion government the necessity of preventing the departure of armed fishing vessels. They regard the affair as very serious, and state that there is every likelihood of bloodshed if the American revenue cutters should attempt to board any Canadian sealers. The feelings of the people on the Pacific coast are thoroughly aroused, but at the capital their proposals are strongly condemned.

IT COMES AROUND FREQUENTLY.

The Inevitable French Cabinet Crisis—Resignation of the Ministry.

PARIS, March 31.—The chamber of deputies Friday, despite the opposition of the government, adopted by a vote of 268 to 237 a motion of urgency for the bill introduced by the extreme Left demanding a revision of the constitution. The ministry thereupon resigned.

In the debate which preceded the vote Premier Tirard declared that if the chamber decided to consider the proposal the ministry would decline to accept the responsibility, as it would furnish fresh argument in favor of the audacious manifesto issued by a dismissed general. The defeat of the government upon the question involved created a tremendous sensation.

Premier Tirard, upon the announcement of

the vote, went immediately to the Elysee and placed the resignations of the ministry in the hands of the president. M. Carnot accepted the resignations, but requested them to retain the conduct of affairs until their successors are appointed. It is expected that M. Floquet, president of the chamber of deputies, will be summoned to form a government.

A DOUBLE DYED SCOUNDREL.

The President of the Raleigh Bank a Forger as Well as Thief.

RALEIGH, N. C., March 31.—There were some startling developments Thursday in the great smash of the State National bank, of this city. The president and cashier both arrived in Canada last Monday morning. Bank Examiner Tate discovered that the absconding President C. E. Cross had left large quantities of forged paper in the bank. Cross is a native of Gates county, and he had forged the names of several prominent men of that county to notes for considerable amounts. Cashier White does not appear to be implicated in these forgeries. It is said that Cross even forged his father's name.

The loss to the bank is not as large as first reported, but depositors will lose heavily. True bills for forgery were found by the grand jury against Cross and White. They are in custody in Toronto, Canada. The district attorney, with the chief of police of this city, left here Friday afternoon to bring them back. White telegraphed the chief here: "Come for us. We will go back with you."

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, March 30.
The exchanges all over the country were closed Good Friday.

New York Live Stock.

NEW YORK, March 30.
Live stock: Cattle—Market, shade stronger; common to very good steers, \$5.50; ear-load of fancy do., \$5.50; bull and dry cows, \$3.25 to \$3.50. Sheep and lambs—Dull trade at steady prices for sheep, and low for yearlings. Sheep, \$4.75 to \$5.00; yearlings, \$6.75 to \$7.50. Hogs—None offered alive; nominal value, \$5.50 to \$5.85.

The best on earth can truly be said of Griggs' Glycerine Salve, which is a sure, safe and speedy cure for cuts, bruises, scalds, burns, wounds, and all other sores. Will positively cure piles, tetter and all skin eruption. Try this wonder healer. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Only 25 cents. -ly

FROM HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—Dr. Jno. A. Blayden, President Med. and Surg. Institute:—I have used Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets for indigestion, and take great pleasure in recommending the same. Since using the remedy I have prescribed it to numerous patients, and in every case have had good results. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets are guaranteed and sold by Tillson & Hayden.

People ask what is good for a cough or a cold, the mistake many make is in letting it run too long. Dr. Bigelow's Cough cure, contains the good qualities of all the best cough remedies without the defects of any of them. A safe remedy for coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles. Sold by Tillson & Hayden in 50 cent and \$1 bottles. Healing to the lungs. Safe and pleasant for children.

IT IS SOMETHING APPALLING.—The amount of Opium that thoughtless mothers give their children in the form of syrups and cordials. Babies that are peevish, fretful, cross or troubled with windy colic, teething, pains or stomach disorders, can be relieved at once by using Acker's Baby Soother. It contains no opium or morphine, hence is safe. Sold by Tillson & Hayden.

Most everything in this world is full of deception. Few things are what they seem, but the results obtained for Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic far exceed all claims. It restores lost nerve force, cures dyspepsia, and all stomach, liver, kidney and bladder troubles. It is a perfect tonic, appetiser, blood purifier, a sure cure for ague and malarial diseases. Price 50 cents of Tillson & Hayden. 942-1218y.1

Paine's Celery Compound

For The NERVOUS
The DEBILITATED
The AGED.

Three Black Crows

"There were three crows sat on a tree,
And they were black as crows could be."
Alas, said one, "would I were white
Instead of being black as night."
Such foolish wishing said his friends,
In disappointment often ends.
But now, forsooth to make you white;
Will be an easy matter, quite.
We'll wash you well with SANTA'S SOAP,
And, when you're white, we fondly hope
That while you wonder at the feat,
Your happiness will be complete.

Behold him now as white as snow!
Wonder of wonders! saith the crow,
If SANTA'S SOAP will make black white
'Twill surely all the world delight.
And mistress, mother, nurse and maid
Will find themselves I know, well paid
In using SANTA CLAUS SOAP for all
The household needs—both great and small;
For dishes, babies, pots and pans,
For dirty clothes and milkmen's cans—
For woolen, cotton, dainty lace—
For cleansing every dirty place.
Soap that can make a black bird white
Will make what'er is dingy bright.

SANTA CLAUS SOAP
IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

MADE BY
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.
CHICAGO.

FOOTE THE DRUGGIST.

LOOK, LOOK! LOOK!

—O O—

Sweet

FLORIDA ORANGES

—AT—

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Hardware and Stove Trimmings, Lamps, Gas Fixtures, Harness Trimmings, Revolvers &c Nickel Plated, Polished or Bronzed. Facilities for large work. Polishing and all kinds of Plating Spinning, Casting &c.
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SOLUTION TO REBUS.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen is the time to safely invest your money in purchasing a supply of Boots and Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers and so forth. Our stock is new and embraces all styles in Calf, Goat and Cloth. Do not fail to call and examine and learn prices at Theo J. Hyde, dealer in Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods. Post script: We offer great inducements. Not to be undersold by anyone is our motto

Signed, W. W. VANN.

Evening Telegraph

By Telegraph and Herald Co.
B. F. CHAW, Editor.

DELAWARE, ILLINOIS

NEWSPAPERS "issued every Saturday" will this year have to send out fifty-three numbers.

DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, of New York, holds that there is no physiological necessity for death. But for ignorance or disregard of natural laws and conditions men would never die.

EDWARD BROWN, brother of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, is still living at Columbus, Ohio. He much resembles his dead brother, and has the same earnest and at times almost fierce way of speaking. He recently declared he was glad John Brown was killed just when he was and as he was.

JOHN W. DU BOSE, of Birmingham, Ala., will soon publish a life of William L. Yancey, in which he promises to tell the true story of the encounter in the confederate Senate between Yancey and Ben Hill, in which Hill struck Yancey with a heavy inkstand and from the effects of which he never recovered.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S dislike to young women dates back to the time when he lived in Camden. Several bold, bad girls employed in a canning factory asked him to hold a red-hot tomato can while they went to dinner. The warmth of the can cooled his warmth for the fair sex most effectually.

It is queer what one's imagination will do for a person. A young lady, living in Kansas, was suffering with rheumatism, and her mother rubbed the girl's aching limb with liniment, as she supposed. The pain immediately ceased, and the girl was in a fair way to recover, when it was unluckily discovered that the bottles had been changed, and cough mixture had been used instead. The pains came on again with double fury, and were only stopped by a liberal dose of liniment.

LEGRAND writes on "Narcolepsy" in the current number of the *French Medicate*. This consists in sudden attacks of deep sleep lasting some minutes; not days like a trance, or seconds like petit mal. Moreover the condition is one apparently of simple sleep, from which the patient may easily be aroused. Brain congestion resulting from deficient heart action, gastric troubles, or derangements of the liver, and such diseases as gout, diabetes, and rheumatism are some of its associations. The "fat boy Joe" of the "Pickwick Papers" will occur to the reader as a typical case of narcolepsy associated with "gastric trouble."

In Washington, D. C., Miss Anita R. Newcomb, daughter of Prof. Simon Newcomb, of the *Nautical Almanac*, was recently married to Prof. W. J. McGee, of the Geological Survey. Mr. Frank R. Stockton, the author, is a friend of the family and was present at the wedding. After the ceremony, instead of the young couple going on a wedding trip, the bride's parents were showered with rice and old slippers and banished on a two weeks' exile, while Mr. and Mrs. McGee were left in possession of the house. This was Mr. Stockton's idea, it is said, and a very good one it was. Whether he is to make fiction of this bit of real life is yet a matter of conjecture.

In speaking of the enormous business of the New York Stock Exchange, Mr. Moses Smith, in a recent work, says that in one day the commissions have reached \$262,500. The secretary of the Exchange reports the following transactions for the year 1886: Shares of listed stock, 108,652,804; Government bonds, \$13,367,100; State railroad bonds, \$635,937,320, and 41,000,000 shares of unlisted stocks. By lumping the listed and unlisted shares of stock at \$50 per share there is a value of \$7,247,640,200 in stocks alone. If full-rate commissions were exacted on these sales of stock they would represent \$18,119,100.50 to be divided among 1,100 brokers in the Exchange, which would give each \$16,471.50, exclusive of commissions on all other securities.

HON. EDWARD ATKINSON, in his speech at the banquet of the Southerners in New York the other night, astonished his hearers with certain facts regarding the inhabitants of Massachusetts. He told them that according to the figures of our last census, more than one-fourth part of the inhabitants were foreign born, and including the foreign born, more than one-half were of foreign parentage; yet, such is the habit of thought which almost compels thrift in the State that nearly every other person, man, woman and child, is represented upon the books of a savings bank with an average deposit of \$325.

Were the deposits in savings banks and in other similar institutions of the whole country equal per capita to those of Massachusetts, the aggregate of the whole would be over \$9,000,000,000.

W. B. BLAND, of Georgia, a sportsman of scientific turn of mind, has thrown light upon a subject concerning which most people have heretofore been in dense ignorance—namely, the internal construction of an alligator. In the South the belief is quite prevalent that alligators swallow lightwood knots to live on during their long sleep in winter. Mr. Bland shot a 'gator on Ty-Ty Creek the other day and proceeded to dissect it in order to find out whether or not the belief referred to is well founded. Much to his surprise he found that there was nothing whatever in the stomach or intestines of the saurian. More than that, he discovered that the intestines were very small and almost as hard as bones, and that the hollow in them was very little larger than a broom-straw.

A NEW CASTLE, Ind., cemetery contains one of the most peculiar marks of respects to the dead ever exhibited. On the family lot of Paul H. Hughes, an old and highly-respected citizen of that vicinity, are three graves. There is no monument, headstone, or other mark to show who lies buried there; but over the grave of Mrs. Hughes, who died seven years ago, is a heavy wooden box, with an iron lid, which, upon removal, reveals a cabinet about four feet long, two wide, and eighteen inches deep, with glass sides and top. At the end toward the foot of the grave is a miniature ark, extending across the cabinet, about eight inches high, and having a gable roof. Distributed in front of the ark and looking toward the head of the grave, is a group of over two hundred figures, representing the animals "two by two," as they came out of the ark; and at their head stand eight pigmies to represent Noah, his wife, and his sons and daughters. Besides these there are two beautiful bronze statues of German soldiers, one on each side of the cabinet; three glasses and two elegant silver vases, with handsome bouquets of artificial wild flowers and ostrich plumes; four polished blocks, each bearing a beautifully colored glass ball, and two supporting busts of small children; two odd-looking horns, prettily painted, and decorated with silken cords and tassels, and many other minor articles. The cabinet and its contents were placed in their present position by Mr. Hughes, who took this peculiar method of show his respect for his deceased wife. He has expressed a wish to have a similar cabinet and collection placed upon his own grave after his death.

THE "Army of West Virginia," says a Washington letter writer, has got a new recruit this winter in Representative Kennedy, of Ohio, who now joins them at lunch nearly every day. By the "Army of West Virginia" I mean Representatives McKinley, of Ohio, Goff, of West Virginia, and Dorsey, of Nebraska, who were comrades there during the war and for two or three years served in the same brigade. All three of them were Lieutenants when they first got acquainted. McKinley and Kennedy went into the army with the Twenty-third Ohio, the regiment to which ex-President Hayes and Justice Matthews belonged, the former as a private and Kennedy as a Second Lieutenant. McKinley got to be a Captain before the war was over, and was brevetted Major. Kennedy had better luck, and came out at the end of the "unpleasantness" as a Brigadier General, having done staff duty most of the time. Goff and Dorsey, who had been neighbors in Virginia before the war, both went in as officers of the First Union Virginia, and in the first campaign were thrown into the same brigade with the Twenty-third Ohio. The young officers began a friendship there which has lasted till now, and ever since they have been in Congress it has been the custom to get together as often as possible and talk over old times. This they do in the lunch-room during the sessions of the House, and the other members of Congress who know the secret of their close association always say: "There's the Army of West Virginia together again shaking the chestnut trees." "It's pretty good fruit," the Army of West Virginia replies in unison, for it's such an old gag they know exactly what to say.

Can This Be True?

"I see," said the stranger to the driver of a New York bobtail car, "that according to the rule of the company, you are not permitted to handle fare or put it in the box. Does the company mean to insinuate that you are not to be relied on?"

"No, sir, it's not that at all," said the driver. "You see, the company is afraid if we accumulate money too fast we might quit business, and they would not be able to hire anybody capable of filling our places. Git aip!" and the car moved on.—*Texas Siftings*.

LOVE KEEPS YOUNG FOREVER.

BY WILLIAM LYLE.

Yes, I may see a younger face
Than thine, my old-time lover;
And thine own looks and studied grace
Where fashion's fictions hover.
I know what thou art thinking, dear,
That human ties may sever,
But never let thy heart know fear—
True love keeps young forever.

If I had only loved thy form
When thou wert young and sprightly,
I might have changed, if time's rough storm
Had touched thee e'er so lightly.
But that soul's love which gave me cheer
Remains—forgotten never—
No matter what grows old, my dear,
True love keeps young forever.

I have met maid with winning airs—
They could not forge a fetter;
I know thy heart, I know not theirs,
And thine holds me a debtor.
Dear, I am thinking of it now—
My light on life's dark river—
And thus I seal upon thy brow
A love that's young forever.

A DAY OF TRIUMPH.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

It was a bleak December night, and a great gale was abroad over sea and land.

Huge waves threw themselves with mighty force against the great jagged cliffs as though they would force them from their foundations, as for ages they had been trying to do.

On the land the wind had better success. Great trees were uprooted, and the air was filled with flying branches wrenched off and carried along on the blasts as though they had been wisps of straw.

It was a night long afterward remembered by people along the coast and spoken of as the great storm.

That night in an old, large, rambling house some half a mile from the shore, two people were seated on the hearth, listening apparently to the warring of the element without, for some time had elapsed since a word had passed the lips of either.

The house seemed somewhat unstable, and with every blast it shook and trembled as though it were about to come tumbling down about the heads of its occupants.

Strange and uncanny sounds were heard coming from the rooms in other parts of the building, as though unseen guests were holding high revel there.

The fire on the hearth burned fitful. Sometimes it would leap high up the broad open fireplace as if it would escape on the wings of the wind, and then it would fall down and well-nigh disappear, save the bed of glowing embers scattered over the hearth.

The pranks of the fire sent strange and grotesque shadows dancing upon the wall, taking all manner of uncouth shapes as though they were holding high carnival.

The two figures before the fire sat speechless and without motion. They saw not the strange pranks and the liberty the firelight was taking with them on the wall. To all appearances they were utterly unconscious of anything which was passing in the room, and unmindful of the warfare without.

One was an old man, gray and bent with years. His hands clasped a long staff which he had planted on the hearth, and his eyes wide open, were fixed on the glowing embers as though he saw something which fascinated him among them. His face was almost bloodless and as white as the long thin hair which fell upon his shoulders.

His companion was a girl of not more than twenty years, even if she had seen as many. She was beautiful as it was, but she would have been far more so had it not been for a tired, weary look upon her face. It was a discouraged look as if all the hopes of her life had fled away forever, and what she saw before her was only a dismal blank.

"Nellie," said the old man, at length, but at that moment such a blast struck the house that it would have drowned a much stronger voice than that of her companion.

"Nellie?" repeated the old man in a louder key, don't you hear me?"

"Did you speak before, grandfather?" said the girl, looking up into his face.

"Yes," said the old man, querulously. "But you were thinking of something or somebody besides me. It is always so when I speak. I might as well be all alone."

"I did not hear you, grandfather." The wind is blowing such a gale that it is no wonder. What is it that I can do for you?"

"Nothing, nothing," replied the old man, testily.

"Yes, there was, grandfather," said the girl, laying her hand on the old man's knee. "Tell me what it was. You were at least thinking of something. But listen a moment. Did you ever know a harder gale than this?"

Again the old house rattled, and creaked, and groaned. The wind whistled if possible more like a fiend than before, and above all was the roar of the ocean as if enraged to think that it could not engulf the land and sweep everything before it.

"I've known many a bad night since this roof has covered my head; nights in which it seemed that the waves would wash the old house from its foundation. Alack, it is a pity that it did not. I would rather that it would have been blown to do so, than to have lived so long, and then to be turned out of it by my old age by Simon Grover. But it is so to be, and we have only a week for it to shelter us. Could I but have my wish the storm would lay it low to-night, and fill up the field and meadow so that it would only be an expanse of drifting sand."

"Do not talk in this way, grandfather. You shall not come to want. You know that I have got strong hands and am willing to work. We will find a little cottage somewhere hereabouts,

where I can get work to do at home, and we shall be happier than we have been here for this many a year."

There was a pained and bitter look upon the face of the old man. It was evident that the words of the girl had brought to comfort to his heart.

"A curse be upon the head of Simon Grover!" he cried. "If it were not for him I should not be turned out of my home in my old age like a dog. You know that I always thought that it was he who stole my strong box, when I was so sick as not to know what was passing about me. He sat up with me one night they said, and it must be then that it went, although it was not missed until days afterwards when I had come to myself. He stole it, the miserable thief, and with it went all my papers that showed my title to this house and lands which I had from his father. They had never been put on record, as they should have been, and the lawyer who drew them, and the witnesses, are dead. Dead, all of them. All this time he has let us stay here for an evil purpose of his own. He has seen you grow up into a beautiful woman and he has meant to have you for a wife. But, my girl, you have your grandfather's spirit. Better that we should beg from door to door than that you should consent to his wishes."

The girl shuddered. "I could not do it, grandfather, even for your sake. It would be a living death to me. I can work my fingers to the bone, but to be tied to that man would be horrible."

"You shall not, my child. I would not have you comply with his wishes for what little of life that is left to me. Still I can't help thinking and speaking of it sometimes, and when there is such a night as this, the impulse to do so is more than I can withstand, but we will say no more about it to-night. Let us try and talk of something more cheerful."

And then Nellie, humoring his whim, did her best to lead his thoughts in another direction. It was a hard task, as the firelight showed when it illuminated her face; but the old man did not see the look of pain thereon and how bravely she bore up trying to carry the burden that had been imposed upon her young shoulders.

The hour for retiring came at last, and after she had seen him comfortably tucked up for the night, she went into her own room. But it was a long time before sleep came to her eyes. The house again and again shook beneath the fury of the blast as though it meant to level it to the earth. But it was not this or the roar of the ocean which kept her awake. It was the thought of her grandfather, and what she was to do when Simon Grover turned them out from beneath the roof that had sheltered her ever since her eyes had first seen the light of day.

But at last she slept, and when she awoke, the low, slanting rays of the sun, as it rose from its ocean bed, shone in through the window. The storm had ended during the night, and the only sound that met her ears was the still angry roar of the ocean as it dashed upon the jagged coast as if loath to give up the assault it had so fiercely made upon it.

She gave a weary sigh as she thought of the long day before her, and the future that stretched out so blank and dreary before her. Then she arose and dressed herself, for she heard her grandfather in the outer apartment. Soon after she joined him with a smile upon her face, and she was glad to perceive that his despondent mood of the night before had disappeared.

About 10 o'clock that forenoon, as her grandfather was sitting outside the door, he called to her.

"What is it?" she said, coming out to the spot where he was seated.

"There is a man coming up the road yonder. Can you tell me who it is? Your eyes are sharper than mine."

"It is Simon Grover, grandfather."

"That is who I thought it was. He is coming to harass me again to-day. Oh, the viper. How I wish that I could crush him beneath my foot. But alas, it is he who can do the grinding now."

"Let him do his worst, grandfather. We know what that is and we can meet it. I don't want to see or speak to the villain again, so if you are willing I will go down to the beach and wait until he has gone. I can go down back of the house and he won't see me if I go at once. From where he is now his view is cut off."

"Go at once, Nellie. It is enough for one of us to have to see him."

"I will be back as soon as he is gone, grandfather. I shall know when he goes, as I can see the road from where I shall be among the rocks."

With these words and a kiss on the old man's cheek, she ran through the house and out of the rear door and took her way to the rocks with the speed of a deer.

Once arrived there, and concealed among them, she cast a backward glance toward the house.

She saw that Simon Grover had arrived there and was standing beside her grandfather. She suspected that high words might be even then passing between them, and she felt thankful that she was not there to hear them. Her grandfather, she knew, was amply able to make reply to the man he so detested, and there was little need of her being there to aid him.

She took a seat on a low rock a little back from the water's edge and gazed out on the troubled waters of the great deep, which had not yet recovered from its encounter with its old enemy, the wind. The waves came rushing in as they had done the previous day, but they were not so large and violent as they had been, for now, between the rocks and the farthest point of their advance, there was a narrow strip of white sand which lay drying in the sun's rays.

From the wide ocean before her, her gaze came back to this little strip of sand, and, half imbedded in it, she saw an object which at once riveted her attention.

It looked like a small wooden box, almost stained black by the water, and bound about by a couple of rusty iron bands.

Evidently it had been thrown up from the bed of the ocean by the storm just over.

Her curiosity was aroused by the sight, and she looked about her to find some spot where she could descend to where it was lying.

This she soon found, and in a few moments was standing beside it on the sand.

The lower portion of the box was but loosely buried in the sand, and, freeing it, she raised it in her hands.

It was heavier than she had thought it would prove, but she carried it up over the rocks, and was on the point of laying it down, so that she could more closely examine it, when, glancing up toward the road, she saw Simon Grover going in the direction of home at a pace which showed that he was thoroughly angry.

She knew that her grandfather would need her now, and so with her burden clasped in her arms she at once made her way towards the house.

She found her grandfather walking back and forth before the door, his face flushed as though his interview with Simon Grover had been anything but pleasant.

"See, grandfather, what I have found on the seashore. What do you suppose there is in it?"

The old man stared as though his eyes were coming out of his head, and shook in every limb.

"It's my box," he cried, as soon as he could find his tongue. "Oh, Nellie, where did you find it?"

"On the sand, grandfather. The storm last night must have cast it up. But are you sure it is yours—the one your papers were in?"

"Of course I am, child. It is the very box, sent back to me by Heaven's mercy. Simon Grover, you have lost the game you thought you won when you stole this and threw it into the sea."

It was no small job to force open the box, but at last it was accomplished. Therein was a package of papers stained by water, but considerably well preserved by being well wrapped up in several coverings of oiled silk. Not a paper was missing, and the box contained beside quite a sum in gold.

The day on which Simon Grover came to take possession of the premises was a day of triumph for the old man and his granddaughter. A lawyer had been sent for, and their enemy brought one with him. It took the two limbs of the law but a few minutes to see how matters stood with Simon Grover, and at a whisper from his lawyer he departed, never to set foot in the old house again.—*Lankee Blade*.

Chased by a Human Skull.

Two policemen rang the bell at No. 67 Twenty-third street. A colored man opened the door.

"Is your name Phil?" asked one of the officers.

"Y-y-yes, sah," responded the negro, with startling eyes.

"Then we want you," said the officer. "I understand you have a dead body on the roof."

"W-w-what's dat?" asked the negro. "Dead body on de roof? No, sah; no, sah! Cross my h'art! I don't know nuffin' 'bout any dead body."

"Well, we'll see about it. Take us up," and they pushed the negro ahead of them through the house and up to the roof. When the tarred roof was gained the policemen found a skull and a few disjointed bones by the side of the chimney. "How d'd these bones come here? What do you know about this?" they questioned of the negro as he stood with chattering teeth at the top of the stairs.

"Fo' de Lawd, offisah! I don't know a ting 'bout it," said Phil. Just then the skull slipped from the officer's hand and fell at the negro's feet. Phil, with a yell of terror, started down the stairs, with the skull bumping after him. He kept on clear down and out of the front door, across the street, through the house on the opposite side, across the yard, and over the back fence, till he fell on a heap of ashes in the alley, where he lay saying charms and spells to keep off the influence of the voodoo.

The bones were taken to the Cottage Grove avenue station without making any inquiries, and the coroner was notified. Later in the day a boarder in the house, D. C. Jones, who is a student at the Chicago Medical College, called at the station.

"Please," said Mr. Jones, in a soft, post-mortem voice, "give me my tibia."

"Your which?" exclaimed Lieut. Stark.

"My tibia and my sternum, likewise my os frontis."

"What are you talking about?"

"My bones. The bones which your rude men took from my house this morn."

"Oh, you mean the stiff."

"I mean my unarticulated skeleton," responded Mr. Jones, in mild, bed-chamber tones. And he explained how he had purchased the bones at the county hospital, and had put them on the roof to dry.

Their presence had been disclosed to the police by a fellow-student, who wanted to frighten the colored man.—*Chicago Times*.

A POSTOFFICE employe says that the gummed surface of a postage stamp should never be placed on the tongue. Moisten the other side of the stamp and the corner of the envelope, or the latter only, and the stamp will stick for all it is worth.

CATCHING THE GREAT TARPON.

A Florida Sportsman Tells Something About the Enormous Fish. (Jacksonville (Fla.) News-Herald.)

As a vaulter the tarpon is unequalled, and his aerial feats must be seen to be appreciated. On one occasion my friend G. and a companion were rowing through Salt River (a tributary of the Homosassa) in a sixteen-foot White-hall boat. A tarpon was sunning himself in the grass, and, being disturbed, made for deep water. Finding the water shallow, and the boat in the way, he endeavored to clear it at an angle. The head of the fish came into contact with the side of G.'s companion, which deflected him from his course, and he passed under one of the boat seats. A pocket-knife was used "to settle his hash," but it would not penetrate the ivory-like armor of the fish. Oars were used to dispatch the prisoner, but it was found that if he were interfered with the boat would suffer from the vigorous blows of his head and tail. G. seated himself in the stern and his companion in the bow, and for the time the fish was awarded the post of honor unmolested. When peace was declared the gentlemen resumed their oars, but the one who deflected the silver king in his course found that he could not "paddle his own canoe," for several of his ribs were fractured. G. rowed the boat to Jones' Landing, on the Homosassa, and the tarpon was weighed, tipping the scales at 153 pounds. The above statement is not in the least exaggerated.

Among other instances cited, one in which the Captain of the Water Lily suffered is remarkable. The Captain was seated on a chair in the center of the forward deck with his back to the pilot house on the steamer while en route from Jacksonville to Mayport. As the boat was passing St. John's bluff a frisky tarpon leaped from the water, cleared the guards, and landed in the Captain's lap. The Captain was knocked over by the shock, but the briny vaulter was secured, weighing sixty-eight pounds.

The capture of a tarpon with a hook and line is a difficult undertaking. Every summer many are hooked, but few are landed. "I have had on many occasions," writes Dr. Kenworthy, "these fish seize my bait and run with lightning-like rapidity for twenty or a hundred yards, then leap into the air and shake their heads, like a terrier shaking a rat, and expel the bait. The colored gentry have learned by experience never to interfere with a tarpon while in his playful moods, for one of their number, while fishing in Trout Creek a few years ago, had the sinker thrown at his head by a frisky member of the family. The fish had taken the bait and rushed off only a few rods, when he vaulted into the air and threw the bait, sinker, and all clear into the boat, striking the man on his head. He never attempted the experiment again.

The able writer continues in this strain to give his experiences, and finally gives a complete description of a barbarous and unsportsman-like rig for the capture of this noble fish. He uses piano wire, and makes three joints six inches long and three or four inches in length. He solders the joints, tins them to prevent rust, and attaches a brass swivel two and a half inches in length. Two hooks are soldered in each link, and two lines of hooks are presented when completed. Plenty of fine copper wire is used in wrapping the hooks and links together, and with solder the union is perfect. The bait used is a mullet cut from head to tail. Each link is attached to the bait by fine twine, and an attractive bait is offered with hooks partially concealed and an invisible snood. This tackling possesses great strength, for sharks nine feet in length have been captured with the rig.

Shall a Doctor Inform on a Criminal?

A circular has recently been issued by Pinkerton's National Detective Agency asking each physician who receives a copy to give information to the agency in case a suspicious person should come to him for treatment of a gunshot wound of the jaw. It seems that on the morning of Friday, Sept. 30, 1887, burglars entered the residence of the cashier of the Farmers' Bank of Newcastle, Del., where the bank is also located, and attempted to overpower the cashier and family. A fight ensued, and the cashier shot and wounded one of the burglars. The bail is supposed to have entered the mouth of one of the burglars, shattering the jawbone, and carrying away with it a portion of the bone—a piece of which has been found in the blood which came from the wound, and experts pronounce it a part of the jawbone.

The detective agency wishes the co-operation of medical men in securing the apprehension of the criminal, and we hope they may have it.

As a rule, physicians should religiously guard the secrets of their patients, and especially when to reveal them would expose the patients to shame or punishment. But this rule cannot be strained so as to apply to the case of a murderous fugitive from justice. A man who breaks into the house of a keeper of other people's moneys, and makes an attempt upon his life in order to complete a felony, is an outlaw, and whatever pity any man or any physician might feel toward him should be counteracted by the pity he feels for every law-abiding citizen. When the consequences of his crime bring a dangerous criminal to the notice of a medical man, we hold it to be a duty that the latter should disclose the fact to the proper authorities, and not hold back from any false notions in regard to professional confidence.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

BARBERS have an occasional brush with their customers.

"Nasal Voices, Catarrh, and False Teeth."

A prominent English woman says the Americans women all have high, shrill, nasal voices and false teeth. Americans don't like the constant twitting they get about this nasal twang, and yet it is a fact, caused by our dry, stimulating atmosphere and the universal presence of catarrhal difficulties.

But why should so many of our women have false teeth? That is more of a poser to the English. It is quite impossible to account for it except on the theory of deranged stomach action, caused by imprudence in eating and by want of regular exercise.

Both conditions are unnatural. Catarrhal troubles everywhere prevail and end in cough and consumption, which are promoted by mal-nutrition induced by deranged stomach action. The condition is a modern one, one unknown to our ancestors who prevented the catarrh, cold, cough and consumption by abundant and regular use of what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy and Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, two old-fashioned standard remedies handed down from our ancestors, and now exclusively put forth under the strongest guarantees of purity and efficacy by the world-famed makers of Warner's safe cure. These two remedies plentifully used as the spring and summer seasons advance give a positive assurance of freedom, both from catarrh and those dreadful and, if neglected, inevitable consequences, pneumonia, lung troubles and consumption, which so generally and fatally prevail among our people.

Comrade Eli Fisher, of Salem, Henry County, Iowa, served four years in the late war, and contracted a disease called consumption by the doctors. He had frequent hemorrhages. After using Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy, he says, under date of Jan. 19th, 1888: "I do not bleed at the lungs any more, my cough does not bother me, and I do not have any more smothering spells." Warner's Log Cabin Rose Cream cured his wife of catarrh, and she is "sound and well."

Of course we do not like to have our women called nose talkers and false-teeth owners, but these conditions can be readily overcome in the manner indicated.

How to Call Them Correctly.

Abergavenny is pronounced Aber-genny.

Beauchamp is pronounced Beecham.

Bolingbroke is pronounced Bullingbrook.

Brougham is pronounced Broom.

Bulwer is pronounced Buller.

Cholmondeley is pronounced Chum-ley.

Cirencester is pronounced Sissister.

Cockburn is pronounced Coburn.

Colquhoun is pronounced Cohoon.

Derby is pronounced Darby.

Grosvenor is pronounced Grovenor.

Hawarden is pronounced Harden.

Holburn is pronounced Hobun.

Knollys is pronounced Knowles.

Majoribanks is pronounced Marchbanks.

Marylebone is pronounced Marra-bun.

Norwich is pronounced Norridge.

Salisbury is pronounced Sawlsbury.

St. Leger is pronounced Sellinger.

Talbot is pronounced Tarbut.

Taliaferro is pronounced Tolliver.

Thames is pronounced Tems.

Wemyss is pronounced Weems.

You Can't Make a Samson

Out of an attenuated dude, with meagre legs, pigeon chest, and a slight cough. But a man or woman to whom constitutional vigor has been denied can get it to a very considerable extent by the persistent use, in regularly proportioned, alternated doses, of America's chief tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. To the nerves and muscles of the stomach that genial invigorant impart tone, and to its operations regularity. The proximate result is thorough digestion and complete assimilation of the food, and the ultimate sequence, blood fertile with the elements of muscular tissue, a healthy appetite, nightly rest unimpaired, and a disappearance of the nervous symptoms to which etiolated invalids are always subject, and which they are very prone to take for the manifestations of serious organic disease, and dose accordingly. In diseases of the kidneys and bladder, always excessively weakening, and for constipation, fever and ague, and liver complaint, use the Bitters.

Unconsidered Trifles.

"Copyright?" exclaimed the honorable member from Bitter Creek—"copyright? Reckon it ain't a-go'in' to come up this session. I ain't noways interested in it, anyhow; they ain't a arthur in my district. I'm leggin' to git the tax off'n terbacker. A statesman that looks after the interests of his constituents ain't got no time to fool around with side issues."—*Burdette.*



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